RADIO MIRROR

November

25¢

ELYN
IGHT

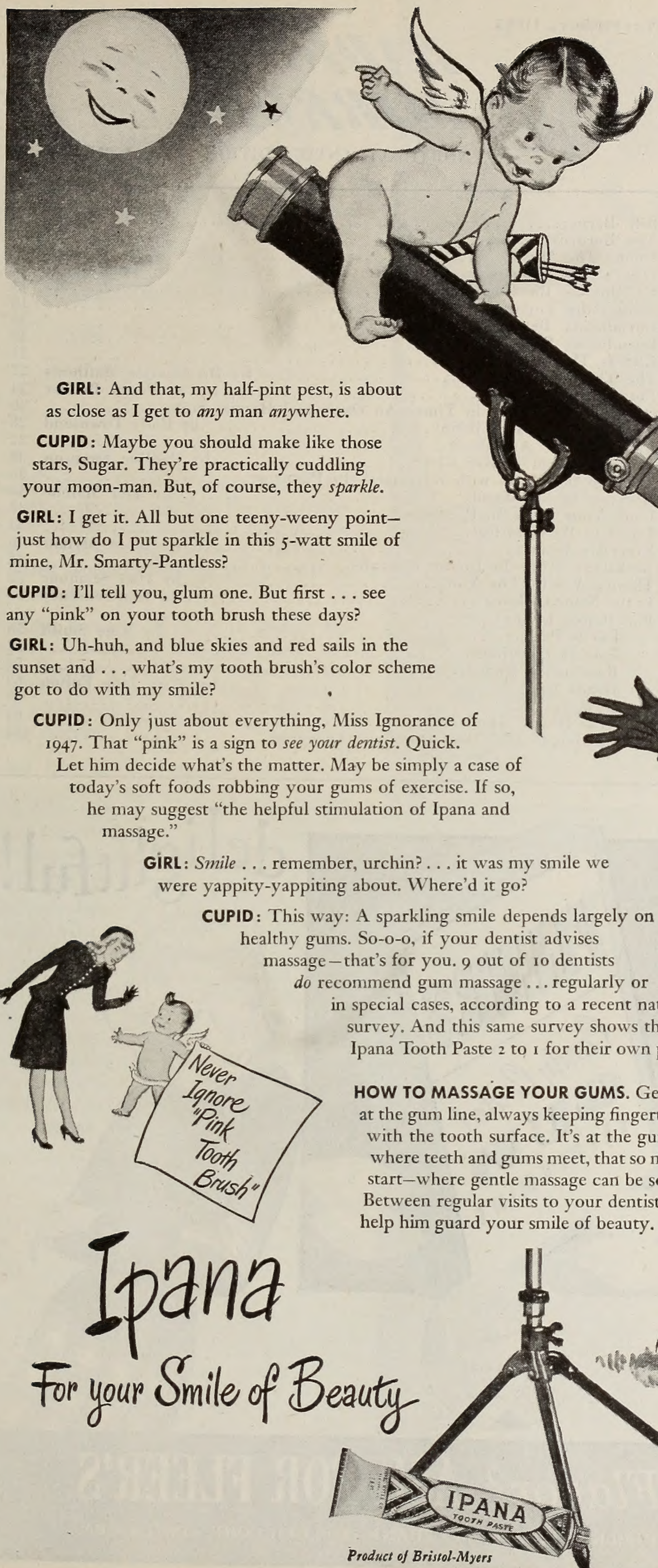
Full Color Pictures — Backstage Wife * Jack Benny Family

FRESHLY *Minted*

Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint—*naturally*, it's better!

FOR TASTE **Clark's**

Copyright 1947, Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Company



"There's your man, Sis— 238,857 miles away!"

GIRL: And that, my half-pint pest, is about as close as I get to *any* man *any*where.

CUPID: Maybe you should make like those stars, Sugar. They're practically cuddling your moon-man. But, of course, they *sparkle.*

GIRL: I get it. All but one teeny-weeny point—just how do I put sparkle in this 5-watt smile of mine, Mr. Smarty-Pantless?

CUPID: I'll tell you, glum one. But first . . . see any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh, and blue skies and red sails in the sunset and . . . what's my tooth brush's color scheme got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Only just about everything, Miss Ignorance of 1947. That "pink" is a sign to *see your dentist.* Quick. Let him decide what's the matter. May be simply a case of today's soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

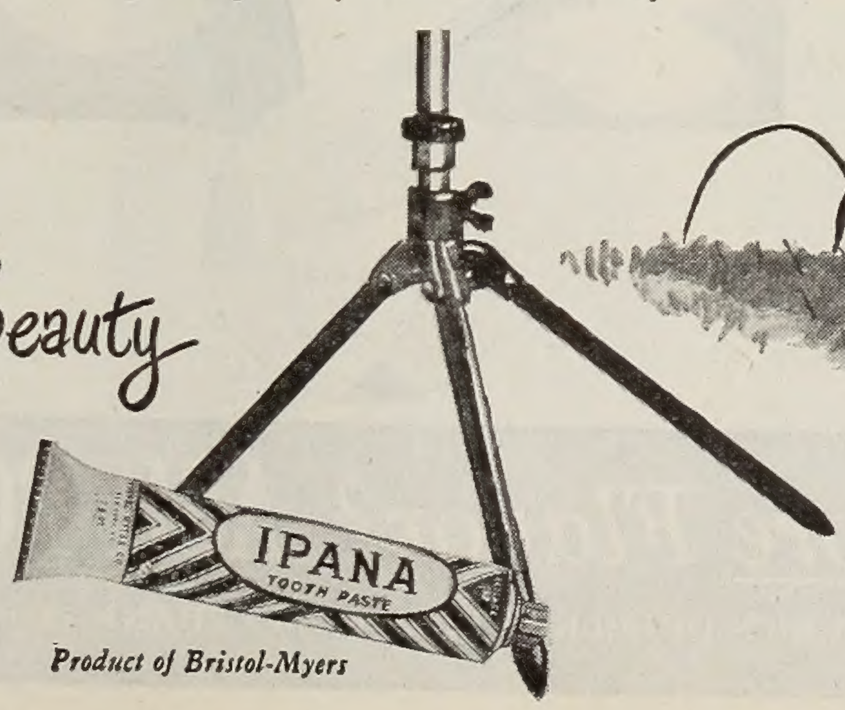
GIRL: *Smile* . . . remember, urchin? . . . it was my smile we were yappity-yappiting about. Where'd it go?

CUPID: This way: A sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. So-o-o, if your dentist advises massage—that's for you. 9 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage . . . regularly or in special cases, according to a recent nationwide survey. And this same survey shows they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.

Ipana

For your Smile of Beauty



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Miss Glennon's suit and hat (page 43) by De Pinna, New York; shoes by Delman, New York; coiffure by Lura de Gez

November, 1947

RADIO MIRROR

NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION **Vol. 28, No. 6**

Bill Berns 4
New Records 6
Facing The Music ..... by Ken Alden 8
What's New From Coast to Coast ..... by Dale Banks 12
Ed Doyle's Bowling Board 14
Always the Youngest 16
Introducing Betty Garde 18
Introducing Edwin Bruce 19
CBS Is There 21
The Thing Called Faith ..... by Dr. Charles Matthews 22
I'm A Juvenile Juror ..... by Peggy Bruder 24
Ozzie Takes a Tuck in Time—An Ozzie and Harriet Story 26
Come and Visit Jack Benny ..... by Polly Townsend 28
Radio Mirror Awards 32
Shining Knight—Cover Girl ..... by Pauline Swanson 34
Through the Years with Rosemary—In Pictures 36
Between the Bookends ..... by Ted Malone 40
Look Your Best—In Pictures 42
Life Can Be Beautiful 44
Everyday King ..... by Henry Mynatt 46
Backstage Wife—In Living Portraits 48
There's A Wife For You! ..... by Dan Seymour 52
In the Name Of Love ..... by Dan Senseney 54
For Better Living:
Pie Is Perfect ..... by Kate Smith 56
Lasting Loveliness 58
Readymade Rooftree 59
Heads Up! ..... by Mary Jane Fulton 69
Inside Radio 60
WTIC's Down Homers 64
Information Booth—Your Questions Answered 74

Frank Sinatra, who writes

a Christmas story especially

for us, next month

SEE above for the famous teller of a very special tale for the December Radio Mirror—the story of a man of good will. Christmas comes into it, and a lot of other wonderful things you'll want to read about.

* * *

Another first-person story is written for us by Al Jolson's lovely wife, Erle. It's "My Husband, Al Jolson"—but along the way it tells a good deal that's pleasant and interesting about Mrs. J. And the color portrait . . . !

* * *

Good love stories and true are always heartwarming reading. What, then, could be better than a love story all tied up with the Bride and Groom program? Nothing, we think. Not if it's love you're interested in.

* * *

Just plain living, at Christmastime, is joy enough, but our For Better Living department is always looking for something just a little bit better. For instance, next month's intriguing ideas about Christmas delicacies to be made at home. And some even more intriguing ideas, if you've had a sad eye on the revolutionary new fashions, about what can be done to last year's clothes to give them a boost into the new party season. Ideas that *really* work.

* * *

And there will be a second and final Radio Mirror Awards Ballot. Remember, radio will give you what you want in the way of entertainment, if you'll just say what it is you want—with a vote!

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Never before in History!

But now Fresh brings you a new, more effective, creamier deodorant to give you carefree underarm protection. Only Fresh can give you this patented combination of amazing ingredients.

New Fresh is the most effective cream deodorant you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree! Yet dresses are safe from rotting . . . normal skin is safe from irritation.

New Fresh is delicately perfumed, delightful to smooth on . . . doesn't dry out.

But don't take our word for it. Test Fresh—see if it isn't the best deodorant you've ever used.

Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh

We give you Bill as the Roman on his program, While Berns Roams!

Last year WOR sent out two Bills—Berns and Raidt—to 48 states, to collect information on how ex-GIs were getting on back home.

Bill Berns

BILL BERNS bats .1000 with radio critics. The reason: Bill doesn't sound the least bit like a radio announcer. As one editor put it, "Bill talks like the kid next door."

Bill is batting .1000 with the listeners, too. Which is one reason why WOR has given him three programs and a seven-days-a-week schedule.

One program is The Mutual Music Show, with Bill introducing orchestral numbers in his familiar, informal style. Another program is While Berns Roams, a bright spot on Saturday evenings at 6:15 featuring recorded interviews Bill has gathered around New York. The third is Fifteen Minutes with Bill Berns, a series of chats with interesting people every weekday afternoon.

Berns has a remarkable facility for getting people to talk. Perhaps it's because he has an easy-going and straight from the shoulder air. Perhaps it's because he looks like the brotherly type it's fun to tell your joys and sorrows to. Or perhaps it's because of years of experience at the radio interview game.

Attached to General MacArthur's Pacific Headquarters during the war, Berns recorded thousands of talks with GIs, Wacs and Waves, Tars and Spars, for broadcast to hometown radio stations.

The interviewing assignment was one that Bill's buddies on MacArthur's press-radio ship regard very highly. "Our food, being Army chow, was never as good as the Navy's," Bill recalls. "And, besides, the newsmen with us helped deplete our larder. So I'd take my wire recorder and go scrouging for goodies. I'd visit a Navy supply depot or a quartermaster warehouse and do interviews with cooks and kitchen clerks. And I'd always try to get one recorded scene—a jeep being loaded with beer!"

Bill was in the Philippines with his recorder, waxing portions of a USO show when Signal Corpsmen rushed in with the flash that the Japanese were surrendering. Bill flipped the switch and caught a dramatic scene: Bandleader Kay Kyser telling the audience the historic news and the GIs going wild with joy. Later Bill was aboard the USS Missouri to witness the surrender ceremonies.

Last year Bill and an Army buddy, Bill Raidt, toured the 48 states in a jeep to tell WOR listeners how veterans were making out on Opportunity U.S.A. Two of the interviews Bill will never forget were made on the trip. One was with an ex-GI window cleaner, strapped to the twenty-third floor of the Mark Hopkins Hotel in 'Frisco and the other was with ex-marine Clem Johnson. The latter had tried to perfect an insecticide for foxholes on Saipan—but instead discovered a chemical that flushed out worms. He is now marketing the stuff to fishermen as "Clem Johnson's Magic Liquid Spade."

Bill is 28, personable and single. And he's no newcomer to show business. His father is a veteran theater operator and his brother is a film director. Perhaps that's why he knows how to give audiences exactly what they want in the way of entertainment.

Will it ever come to this?

Will the law ever require women who are careless about their breath to wear bells warning others of their approach? It's not a bad idea. You can understand why if you ever came face-to-face with a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

This all too common offense is likely to stamp any woman, or man, as an objectionable person to be avoided.

Don't take your breath for granted. Don't assume it's O. K. when it may be quite the opposite. You yourself may not know when you're guilty. Let Listerine Antiseptic help to put you on the polite side. Use it before any date. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath sweeter, fresher . . . less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

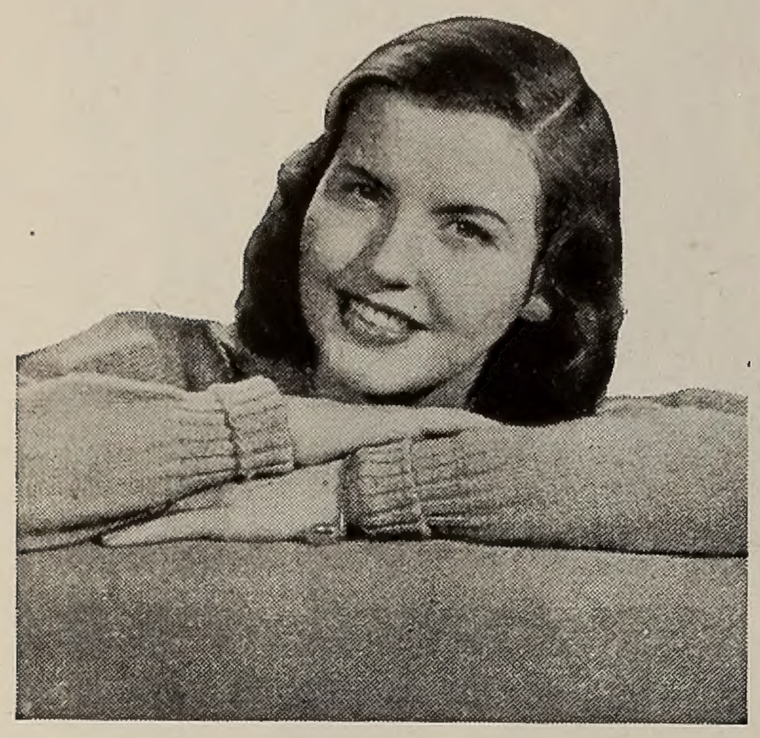
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE.::

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

FOR ORAL HYGIENE

Who, me?



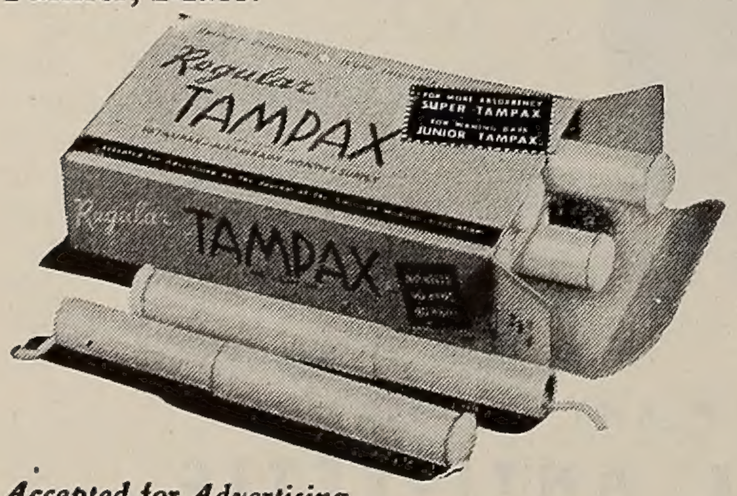
of course I always use Tampax!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

How could she lead the active life she does if she didn't have Tampax to depend on during those miserable days each month?... Tampax is that different kind of monthly protection you have heard about—worn *internally* without any belts, pins or external pads whatever! It's a very modern product indeed, invented by a doctor and now sold at practically all drug and notion counters in city or country wherever you live. And that's a fact!

There is plenty to tell about Tampax! It is fashioned of pure surgical cotton compressed in those slim white applicators for dainty insertion. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and you don't feel it when in place. It *cannot* cause bulges or ridges under a dress. And when disposal time comes, Tampax has only 1/15 the bulk of the "other kind."

No chafing. No odor. Quick to change. Wear it in your tub or shower. Millions of women depend upon Tampax every month. The Economy Box holds four months' average supply. Three absorbency-sizes to choose from—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

NEW RECORDS

RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

EDDY HOWARD:
Now on the Columbia label with the sprightly "Happy In Love" and the soothing ballad, "Not Mine."

ERSKINE BUTTERFIELD:
Stylish vocal and instrumental tricks with "Cecilia" and "S'posin." (Musicraft.)

BLUE BARRON:
Back on the discs via MGM records with a good double, "Tennessee" and "One Hour." The whole band does the singing.

PHIL HARRIS:
More southern drawl fun with "Crawdad" and "Smoke." (Victor.)

BERYL DAVIS:
The English canary gets a big Victor buildup but the songs, "Mother, Mother, Mother" and "You're Breaking In A New Heart" don't deserve too much attention.

BENNY GOODMAN ALBUM:
Capitol has a good idea in this one with B. G. demonstrating his clarinet genius first with only piano accompaniment, then with a trio, and climaxing the album with the full orchestra. Best tune, "How High The Moon."

XAVIER CUGAT:
Plays the best Latin-American tunes in months, "Come to the Mardi Gras" and "Miami Beach Rumba." (Columbia.)

CAMPUS CLASSICS:
Capitol puts its all star cast—Stan Kenton, Benny Goodman, The King Cole Trio, The Dinning Sisters, Ella Mae Morse, and Johnny Mercer—to work in tunes undergrads seem to like most. Samples, "I Get The Blues, "The Whiffenpoof Song," and "Mean to Me."

PHIL BRITO:
A good baritone pairs "I'm Sorry" and "Apple Blossom Wedding" for good results. (Musicraft.) Sammy Kaye (Victor) also handles the latter tune competently.

JO STAFFORD:
Has fun with "Feudin' and Fightin'" and then wraps up Irving Berlin's newest, "Love and the Weather." (Capitol.) Dennis Day (Victor) and Harry James (Columbia) also have discs dedicated to the Berlin hit.

MEL TORMÉ:
The frog-voiced crooner gives a new treatment of "A Little Kiss Each Morning" and "One For My Baby" and the results are more interesting than melodic. (Musicraft.)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG:
The grand old man of jazz teams up with veteran Jack Teagarden for a swell merger of "Rockin' Chair" and "Jack Armstrong Blues." (Victor.)

DORIS DAY:
Good singing of two good tunes, "Sitting Under the Apple Tree" and "Tonight Is Just A Memory." (Columbia.)

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

"You'll be delighted with the way Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Evelyn Keyes speaking to you at her dressing table.

"Smooth the fragrant Active lather well in," she tells you. "Then rinse with warm water, splash on cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. The gentle beauty care Evelyn Keyes recommends will make *you* lovelier tonight!

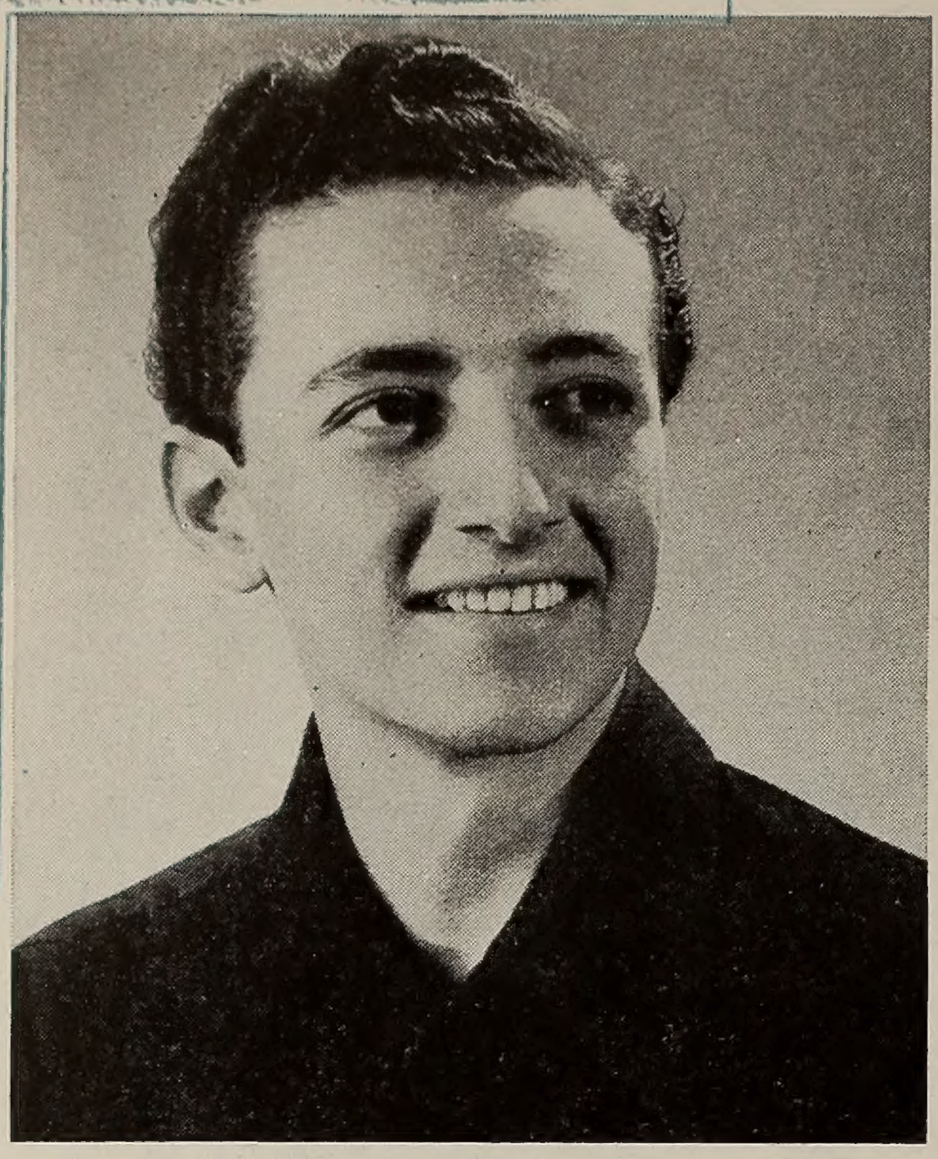
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

Another fine LEVER product

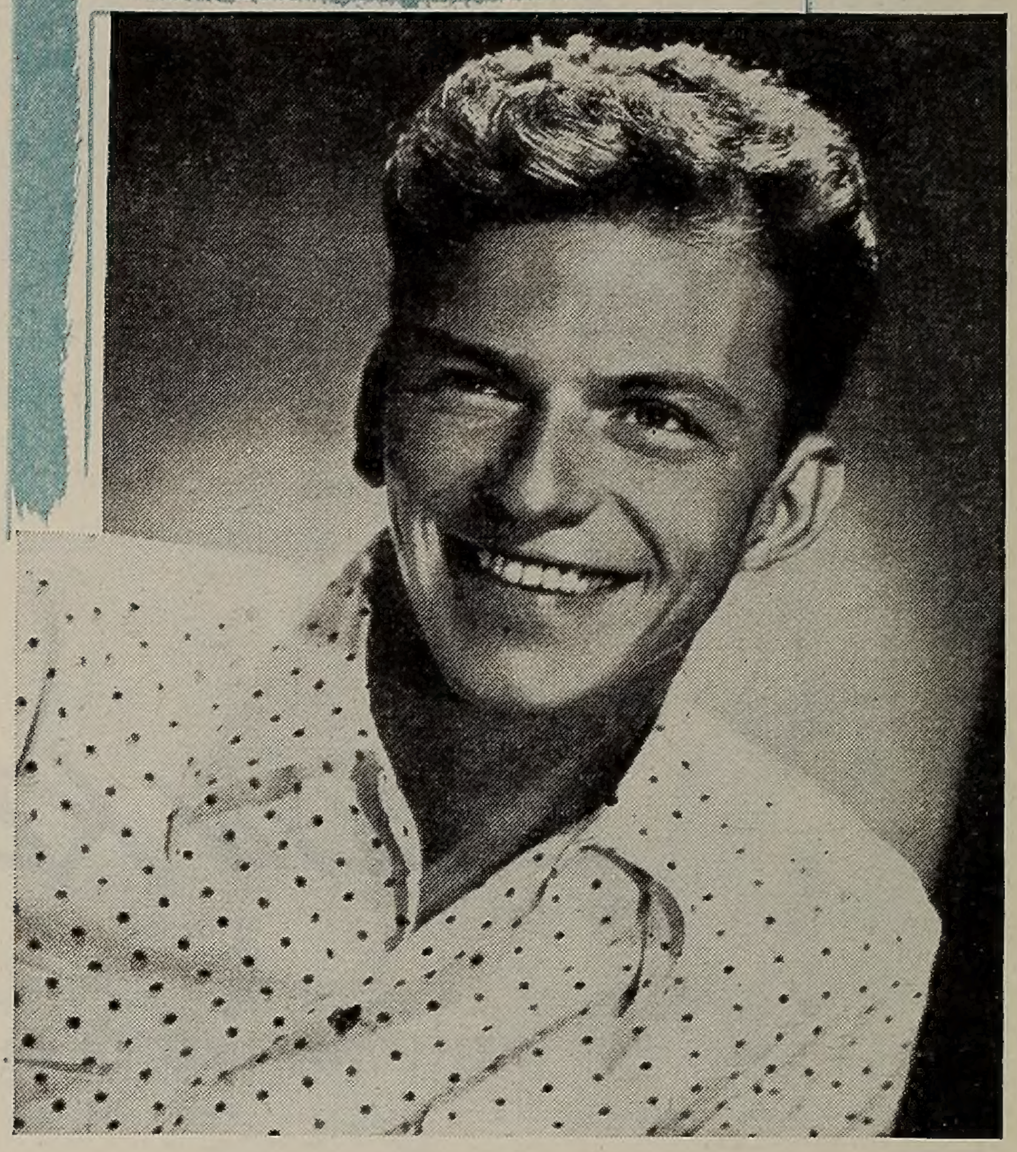
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

FACING

By KEN ALDEN



Nineteen-year-old Vic Damone is still breathless (though it doesn't show in his singing) over his shooting-star arrival at the top.



Frank Sinatra heads the Hit Parade (9 to 9:30, Saturday nights, NBC), working with singer Doris Day, Axel Stordahl's orchestra.

Sunday nights at 6:30, CBS, is the new Simms starring time, when Ginny and Percy Faith and his orchestra style a musical half hour.

VIC DAMONE, the tall, Brooklyn-born baritone with the Latin look, has good reason to smile each time he recalls the swift flow of happy events that brought him out of an usher's uniform into the broadcasting spotlight. Only 19 now, the ex-flashlight carrier is expected to gross $110,000 in the next year, singing on CBS's Saturday Night Serenade, waxing Mercury records, and making personal appearances in theaters just like the Paramount, N. Y., where Vic, just a few years ago, was escorting bobby soxers to their seats.

So if Vic is a little confused and breathless about his sudden success, you can understand why. The best he can say about it is "It's great, it's wonderful!"

In 1945 Vic was developing muscles restraining eager Sinatra and Como fans from climbing on the stage. Between his regular usher chores, Vic was also assigned to piloting the backstage elevator. Here life's ups and downs were forgotten when the ambitious usher had such glamorous freight as the current top swooners and dainty dishes like Dinah Shore and Margaret Whiting.

"I wondered if some day I'd be that kind of pas-

the MUSIC

Farewell party: Betty Dubro, till recently "Gloria" of Phil Spitalny's orchestra, is on her way to Italy and a career in opera

senger too," Vic recalled. "Most of my life I'd been singing. First the church choir, then block parties, and a few appearances on local kids' radio shows. My mother was a piano teacher but not even she could get me to practice. I was pretty wild. I had done enough yelling around the house to make my mother want to control it. So she gave me vocal lessons. Next thing I knew I was liking it and hoping I could make singing my career."

It was in that mood that the youngster, desperate for recognition, decided to make Perry Como stand by for the only audition ever held in an elevator.

Como had just left the stage and took the elevator up to his dressing room.

"I pushed the stop button between floors," Vic told me, "and started singing as though I had only two minutes to live. I rushed through that song and Perry just stood there with his mouth open as though he were going to sing—or yell for help. But he was nice about the whole thing."

Como gave the singing usher some encouragement and a letter of introduction. The letter didn't do much good. The response was that Vic was too young. He looked more like an autograph hunter

This is the vacation on which singer Jack Smith had so much dog trouble. With him is band leader Moxie Whitney.

(Stein photo.)

Peter Donald (Ajax Cassidy) and Arnold Stang (Henry Morgan's comic) with stooges, at the recent American Federation of Radio Artists ball.

than the hunted. Frustrated, Vic was seriously trying to raise a moustache, but with small success, when opportunity came.

Vic sang at a party for a returned veteran. Present was Lou Capone (no relation to the late Al), a Brooklyn olive oil merchant. Capone liked the youngster, told him he would help. Although his approach was a little startling it produced results.

"I'll do for Damone what I did for the olive oil industry, invest in a good proposition. Vic is like my olive oil. You gotta give to get."

So Capone invested $25,000 in his youthful singer, most of it going into handsomely produced audition records, arrangements, publicity, and voice coaching.

Things began to happen. Vic's vigorous crooning belied his age.

"After they heard the records, people were amazed to find the voice belonged to a 'teen-age kid," Capone explained.

In March, 1946, Vic won a spot on WHN's Gloom Dodgers Show. RCA-Victor put Vic in an album with Milton Berle. A few months later Vic became a contestant on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts show and copped first prize. Then came a click engagement at the La Martinique night club even though he had trouble getting past the doorman for the first show.

"No minors allowed," barked the flunkey. Capone had to get the manager to let him in.

The late George Washington Hill, fabulous cigaret magnate signed Vic as understudy for Andy Russell on The Hit Parade.

"Each week I'd rehearse, stand by in case Andy got sick. Never did I know such a healthy guy as Andy."

Vic never made The Hit Parade but he did get his own network show, a Mutual sustainer. The mail response was terrific and unusual. Women sent in locks from their hair, asked for his in return. Getting through the adoring throngs after he finished a broadcast was tough but Vic remembered his Paramount theater training, and pushed through unmolested.

His early Mercury recordings reached the counters last June and within three weeks, 100,000 were sold. Shortly after that, Vic was assigned for the CBS Saturday Night Serenade, made his debut three weeks after his nineteenth birthday.

Manager Capone had his "I-told-you-so" speeches already prepared.

"Vic is just like the olive oil business. Quality wins out. I haven't got my investment back yet but I'm not worrying. Wait till we snap up a good movie offer, just wait."

So far Vic has kept his original head size. He keeps his night club visits to a necessary minimum, usually squires a neighborhood girl instead of a glamor type.

He adores spaghetti, works it off on the handball courts with the fellows he went to school with at Lafayette High. He still lives with his parents and four sisters in Brooklyn. The only thing that has changed much is the mail box. They got a bigger one to handle the correspondence from such fan clubs as "Vic's Victims," "Vic's Chicks" and "Veni, Vidi, Vic."

Grateful for his mother's early music coaching, Vic recently gifted her with the down payment for a new house in Brooklyn. All she has to do now is find one.

The gang around the block don't think Vic will ever high hat them.

"He's still one of us," one said, "only he's got more sports jackets."

If you have ever been curious to follow a dance band on a series of one night stands, you'll get that opportunity shortly. A motion picture company is going to send a camera crew around with Buddy Johnson's band for 44 consecutive one night stands, put the highlights of the trip into a compact short subject to be, appropriately enough, titled, "One Night Stand."

* * *

Ted Weems claims to have the heaviest musician in the business, 300-pound bass player, Billy Blair. Weems is now playing a coast to coast tour of theaters.

* * *

Just to show to what lengths musicians will go to protect themselves, Illinois Jacquet, youthful, self-styled "Dynamo of the Saxophone," has taken out a policy insuring his lungs for $100,000 against injury caused by his saxophone playing.

* * *

As you expected, Margaret Whiting will not return to the Eddie Cantor show when the pop eyed one returns from vacation. Margaret and Eddie did not part friendly and the comic must once more look around for a new vocalist.

* * *

Mel Tormé isn't content to be just a swooner. He has written the book and

lyrics of a new Broadway musical show.

After a disastrous attempt to try a comedy show with Arthur's Place, the sponsor replaced it with a straight musical show.

* * *

After all the publicity, both the Paul Whiteman and Martin Block network disc jockey shows, are running bad seconds to the soap operas that compete with them.

* * *

Tired of trying to be a prize fight promoter, Frank Sinatra now has a new hobby, collecting costly paintings and trying his hand with the brushes himself.

* * *

Roy Rogers will marry his leading lady, Dale Evans.

* * *

Kate Smith's cooperative noontime broadcasts on Mutual are fabulously successful. Insiders claim Kate and her partner, Ted Collins, are earning $8,500 a week. All this without singing one song.

* * *

Ginny Simms has taken up what appears to be permanent residence at New York's Waldorf Astoria. She brought her baby east with her. You can hear her on the CBS Coca-Cola show with Percy Faith's orchestra.

* * *

At press time Dinah Shore was still without a sponsor for her night time singing stints so she and husband George Montgomery went about developing their idea for a network Mr. and Mrs. daytime series. The program would emanate from the couple's Encino ranch.

* * *

Jack Smith, singing star of Columbia's Jack Smith Show ran into some trouble with his dog while he was on vacation. It all started when he went to the Empress Hotel in Victoria, British Columbia. Driving up to the hotel everything seemed fine. His bags were accepted and checked. The clerk smiled at Jack and his wife. Then the trouble started. There was a bark and a wagging tail as Jack opened the pet-carrier.

Disc-jockeying now gets the benefit of Paul Whiteman's vast store of musical experience.

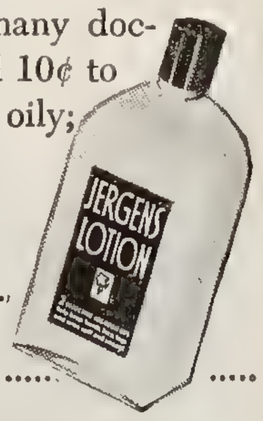
Florida... *that's where we fell in* LOVE

Fishing, my very first day, I caught a big one! *"Lend you a hand?"* an amused voice asked—and there were you! *"A fisherman—with such soft hands,"* you said...A Jergens Lotion user does have such attractive soft hands.

At the old wishing well —*"I wish these darling hands were mine, for keeps,"* you said...Jergens-soft hands do make a man "wish." Maybe that's why Jergens hand care is tops with the loveliest women.*

**Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion over any other hand care, 7 to 1. With Young Marrieds, it's nearly 4 to 1 for Jergens Lotion.*

What about you? Your hands, too, can feel even smoother, deliciously softer today with Jergens Lotion care. They're protected longer, too. Due to recent research, Jergens Lotion is even finer today. Contains two trusted ingredients many doctors use for skin-care. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never oily; no stickiness.



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

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FREE!
"Try it" size of today's even finer Jergens Lotion. Mail coupon now

Address: Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

234

Name _____

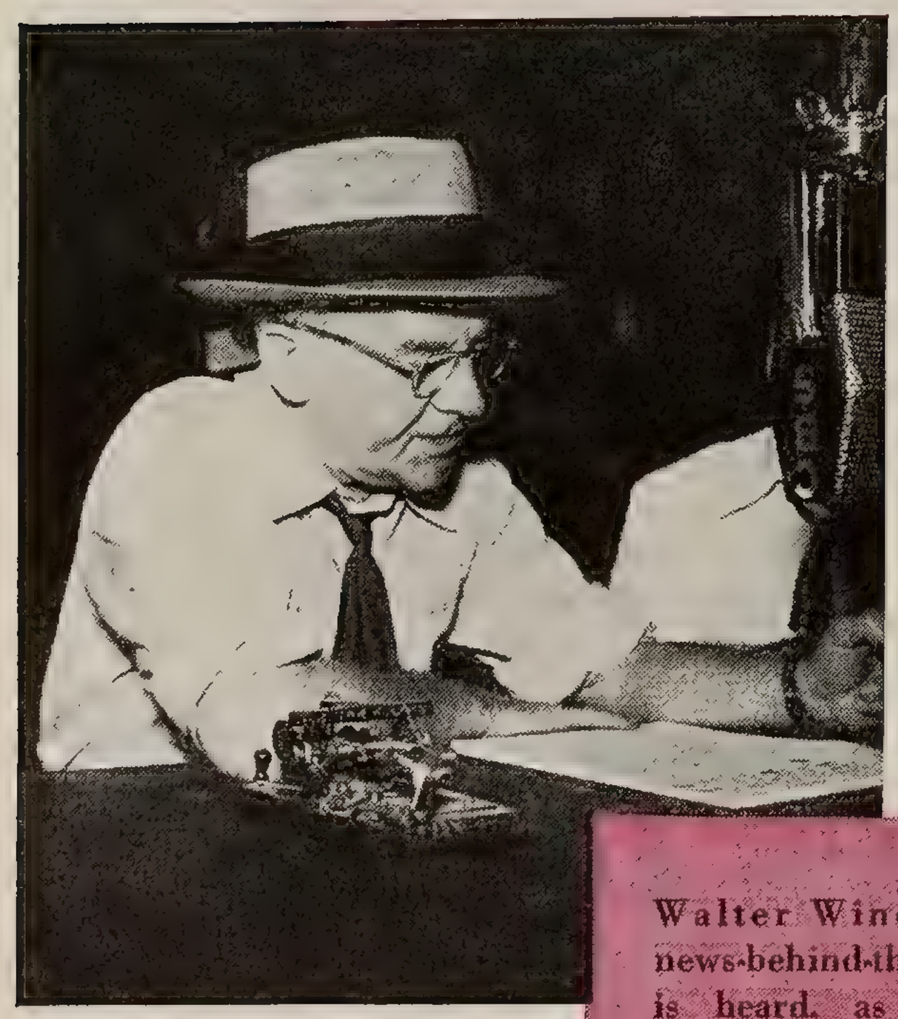
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

WHAT'S NEW FROM

John Garfield, Jane Wyman earn thanks from Huntly Gordon for Screen Guild Players performances.



Walter Winchell's news-behind-the-news is heard, as usual, Sundays at 9, ABC.

THIS changing world! Newsreel executives are frankly admitting they have the jitters because of television inroads. One of them is on record as saying that newsreels, as we know them today, will be a thing of the past within two or three years. And why not? What could be fresher news than seeing things on your television set, while they are happening?

* * *

Add to the above item that television is going in for transcriptions and you can see why newsreel film makers are worried. Right about now, Ted Malone, human interest storyteller, is on a tour of Europe, making special films and recordings for ABC for possible use by the company's television department in the near future. The transcription idea will benefit many small video stations which now operate for only a few hours a day because of high costs and lack of personnel. Transcriptions for television will also cut into the regular film market, since lots of stations now use shorts and even longer films for telecasting, a trick that doesn't always work out very well. Regular movies are photographed for large screens and when reduced in size lose a lot of their interest, besides being very tiring on the eyes.

* * *

That Patti Clayton is quite a girl. Now she's coming up with a talent she kept hidden for a long time, while she concentrated on getting places with that special voice and singing style of hers. She's started doing charcoal sketches again, a hobby of hers in the past. She's done a portrait of Bob Crosby which is now hanging in Hollywood's famous Brown Derby.

COAST to COAST

All-over-the-world masks make the hobby collection of NBC's special-events announcer Ben Grauer.

Taylor, Nicky, Kevin and Ginny and Woody Klose make MBS's Red Hook 31 a vivid series on back-to-the-farm life.

By
DALE
BANKS

Lovely Angel Casey is heard as part of the Betty Crocker Show, daily on NBC.

What next! We're informed that a Midwest outfit is manufacturing wire recorders for installation in buses so straphangers can listen to spot commercials in addition to reading the car card ads. Well, it will give us bus riders something to listen to besides the odd bits of gossip we can hear from the seat behind us.

* * *

It used to be that fan clubs were merely a group of people organized in admiration of an individual and dedicated solely to learning all they could about their idol. But the war years changed that. First the groups busied themselves in various wartime activities—selling bonds, collecting scrap, letter writing and hospital work. Now, what used to be extracurricular activities have taken over. Kate Smith fans, for instance, actively support all the organizations sponsored by their favorite singing star. Members of the Swing and Sway Fan Club, devoted to Sammy Kaye, have organized a Bandleaders Unit, and study all facets of the bandleading business. Perry Como fans are currently campaigning for the Damon Runyon Memorial cancer fund. Jay Jostyn fans have started a Juvenile Activities Club in honor of radio's "Mr. District Attorney", and arrange part-time jobs for themselves during summer vacations and after-school hours. Those are a few we've heard about. What are you doing, fans, to keep in the swim?

* * *

Writer-actor Don Herbert was making a movie short, with one scene laid in the yard of an Evanston, Illinois, home. Passersby paid no attention, until the script called for Herbert, in the role of a departing GI, to hang a sign on the house. People came rushing forward then from all directions. The sign he hung on the house said what it usually doesn't, these days: "For Rent."

* * *

Paul Barnes, Chicago actor-announcer and disc jockey, told us a cute yarn when he was in town a couple of weeks ago. He was waiting in the reception room at the studio between shows one day. The receptionist was helping an aspiring actress to fill out an audition blank and, when asked her age, the actress hesitated. The receptionist waited patiently while seconds ticked by and then said, "Better hurry up. Every second makes it worse." Wonder if that receptionist shouldn't try for a job as a gag writer? We've heard worse from the professionals.

* * *

The telephone is a great gadget and producer Bud Ernest will give Mr. Bell's invention a glowing testimonial any time. It seems that Bud got absent minded about Labor Day. At his usual time, he proceeded to his office as though it were (*Continued on page* 15)

ED DOYLE'S BOWLING BILLBOARD

IT'S a long way from the far-off Island of Guam to Rochester, New York, but nevertheless this story starts on Guam and has its happy ending in the studios of WHAM at Rochester.

Back in the war years there was a Buffalo-born Army Air Corps corporal by the name of Ed Little. Eddie was a member of a Wire Recorder Combat Team attached to the 20th Air Force with headquarters on the Island of Guam. Ed, with his team members, followed the mighty B-29 Super Fortresses as they made their repeated attacks on the stronghold of the Rising Sun. He told the story of these history-making flights. The wire recorder made a permanent record of his account which was flown back to the "States" and used as a feature of the radio network programs presented by the United States Army Air Forces.

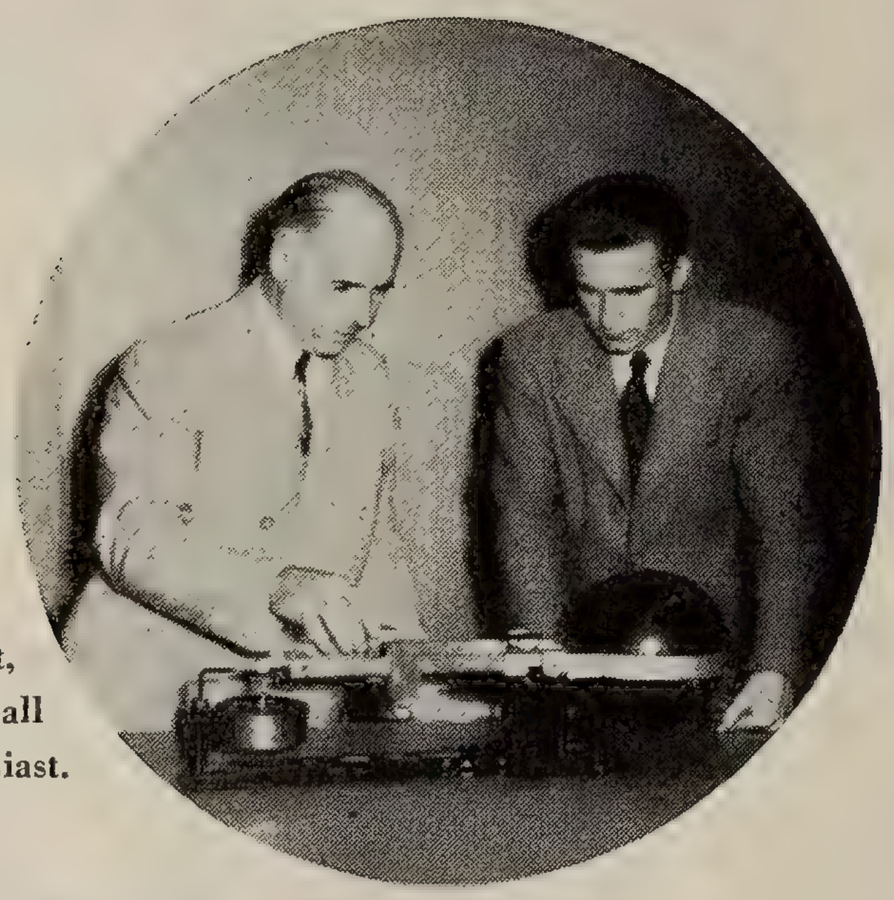
Out there on Guam, Eddie got mighty homesick. Who wouldn't? He liked his work because he had done four years of radio announcing before Pearl Harbor. But, nonetheless, he missed being home . . . and he missed his favorite sport, bowling.

It was only natural when Ed Little did arrive back home that he followed up on the two things he had thought so much about in the service. He wanted to get back into radio and bowling. Station WHAM at Rochester liked his announcing style and said "come to work." It wasn't long after getting his WHAM job that Ed got around to combining business and pleasure . . . radio with bowling. The result was the 1946-47 edition of Ed Doyle's Bowling Billboard. The success of the program was unusual to say the least. In Rochester alone, 25,000 organized bowling fans were his regular weekly listeners as he reported league standings, individual high scores, results of championship matches, on-the-spot tournament broadcasts and interviews with prominent local and national bowling authorities.

The first year of Ed Doyle's Bowling Billboard ended in a blaze of glory. It is generally conceded to be the area's most comprehensive program for the exclusive benefit of bowlers.

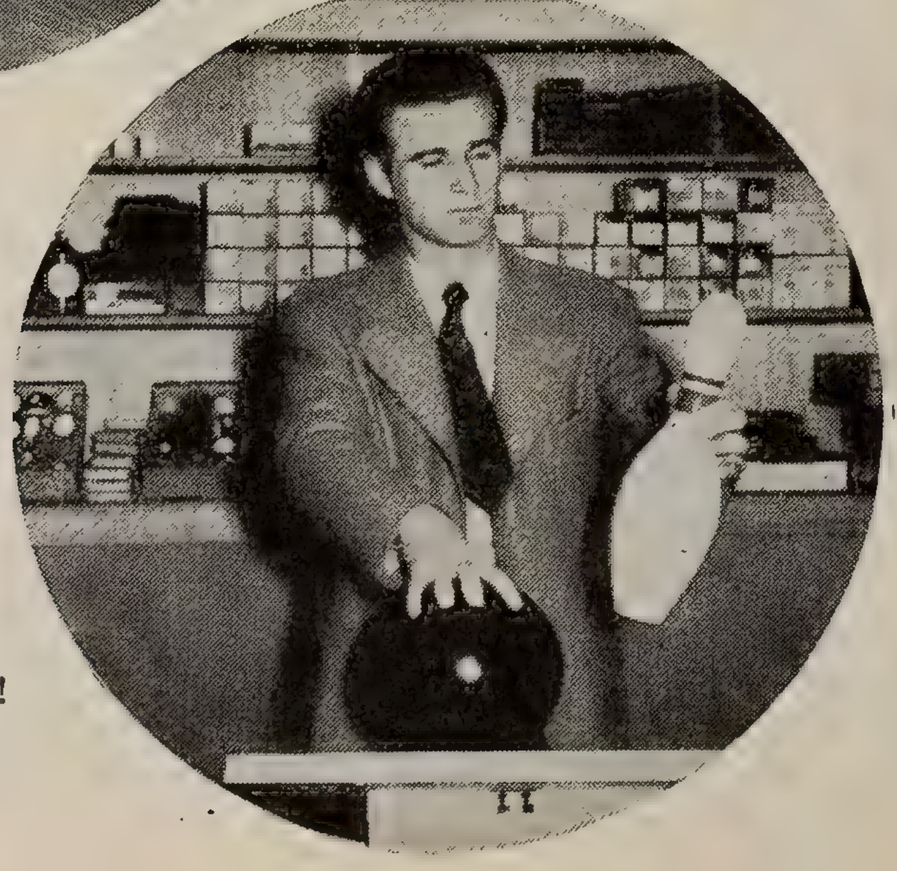
Now, another bowling season has rolled 'round. Once more Ed Little will be on the job with all the latest news of the bowling world. His weekly program will be heard over WHAM each Sunday evening from 6:15 till 6:30 P.M.

Yes, it's a long way from dreaming about bowling on the Island of Guam to a radio program devoted to bowling . . . but that is Ed Little's dream come true.



First Ed Doyle, expert, weighs up a bowling ball for Ed Little, enthusiast.

Then he fits it with care to the other Ed's long, flexible fingers.



All set now. Another GI dream comes true. Guam was never like this!

If he doesn't get a strike WHAM's gift to bowling enthusiasts better sign off!

(*Continued from page* 13) just another working day, which for him it was. He arrived at Mutual only to find the building locked up. He had a rehearsal scheduled in a Mutual Playhouse fifteen minutes later and all his material was locked inside the building. He was just speculating on hurling a brick through the plate glass doors, when he spotted a light on one of the upper floors. Bud ran to a drugstore across the street and telephoned a lawyer in the building, who obligingly came downstairs and opened the door. Now, Bud carries his building keys with him all the time.

* * *

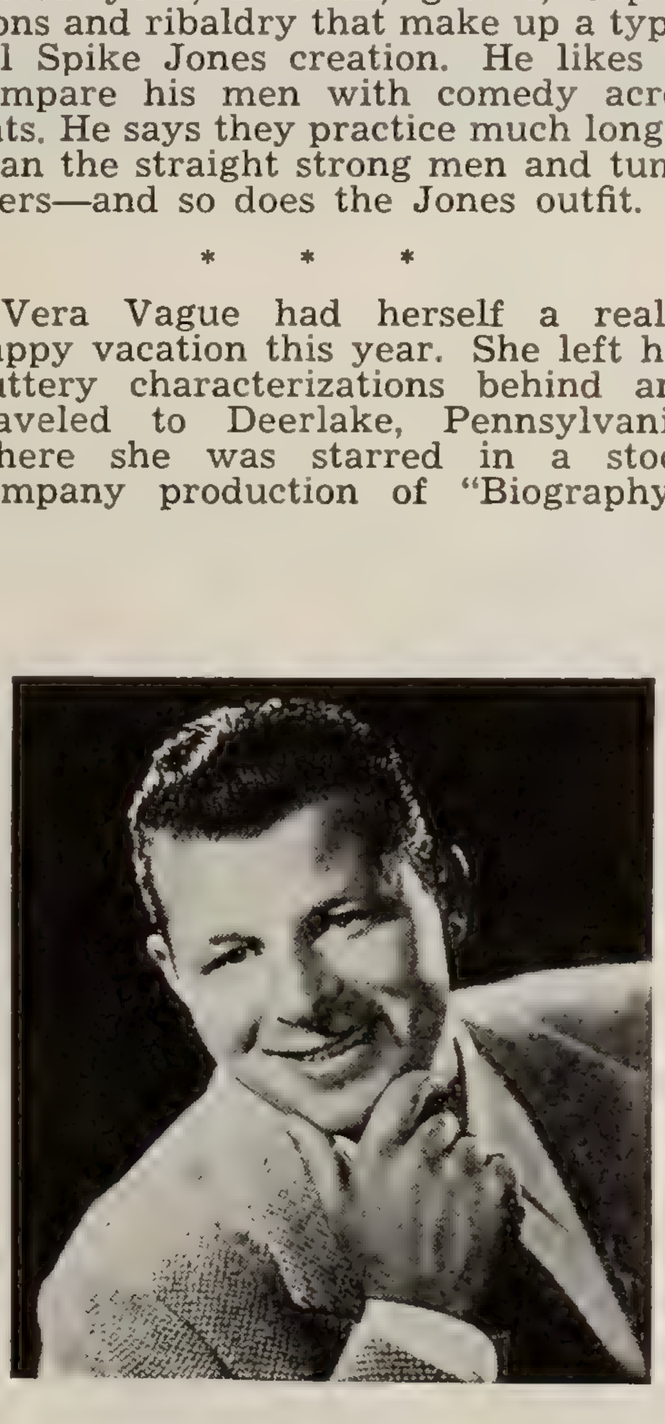
Everyone has his weakness. Paul Lavalle ordinarily scoffs at superstitions. He walks under ladders, starts important undertakings on Friday the 13th and eats peanuts backstage when he feels like it. But he's got one superstition himself. At his first outdoor concert last summer, Lavalle wore a "good luck" bow tie presented to him several years ago by conductor Leopold Stokowski. Paul's worn the tie at every important radio and concert appearance he's made since then.

* * *

We've always thought this was so, but we're glad to have our idea confirmed. It's one thing to give out with real creative good jazz. Just give your talent its head and experiment and see what happens, which is usually good. But what about the special kind of corn dished out by bands like Spike Jones and his City Slickers? Spike says it's harder to play corn than legitimate music. He claims that it takes good musicians many long rehearsals and split second timing to achieve the assorted yells, screams, grunts, explosions and ribaldry that make up a typical Spike Jones creation. He likes to compare his men with comedy acrobats. He says they practice much longer than the straight strong men and tumblers—and so does the Jones outfit.

* * *

Vera Vague had herself a really happy vacation this year. She left her fluttery characterizations behind and traveled to Deerlake, Pennsylvania, where she was starred in a stock company production of "Biography".



At the Village Store (NBC, Thurs.) they sell a good brand of comedy: Jack Carson, plus Eve Arden.

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only

WHY ARE HIS KISSES JUST "PECKS"... NOW?

A. **This wife may be losing romance from her marriage because of faulty feminine hygiene habits.**

Q. Faulty feminine hygiene? Can this affect married happiness?

A. **Yes—because the charm of complete feminine daintiness is assured only by effective douching. For this, many doctors recommend efficient, dependable "Lysol" brand disinfectant.**

Q. How does "Lysol" compare with other disinfectants for dependability?

A. **Unlike some other, weaker antiseptics, "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer which remains effective in the presence of organic matter.**

Q. What about salt, soda . . . other homemade douching solutions on which some women rely?

A. **These weak cleansing makeshifts are neither antiseptic nor germicidal—can never compare with reliable "Lysol."**

MAKE "LYSOL" your safeguard of intimate daintiness and charm—so important to married happiness. Always use "Lysol" in the douche.

Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is *gentle, non-injurious* to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic aroma quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is *economical* in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, Dept. R.M.-4711, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N.J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Product of Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

R M

ALWAYS — *The Youngest*

Ray has a collection of bugles for giving bi thday greetings on Top o' the Morning.

Ray and Carl Moore rise early to put their 7 A.M. broadcast together—and find their sponsor's product also rising.

WEEI's Production Manager, Ray Girardin, also youngest member of that station's 15 Year Club.

YOU'LL have to get up early in the morning if you want to keep up with Ray Girardin, WEEI's youngest executive and entertainer. "What," you say, "executive and entertainer? Isn't one, or the other, a big enough job?" It may be for the average person, but it is not for Ray Girardin. He's WEEI's Production Manager and the *other half* of Carl Moore's Top o' the Morning broadcast as well.

At 5:30 every morning except Sunday, Ray is at the studios with Carl Moore to put their 7 o'clock Top o' the Morning broadcast together. He's been doing this for the past fifteen years, and dreads the day when he can lie abed late, like an ordinary executive. When that day comes, Ray will feel like an old man, for he's been the "youngest" of everything in radio for so long.

Back in Worcester, Mass., where Ray was born, he started lessons on the trumpet when most kids were toddling behind tricycles. When he reached high school, he organized his own dance band and played for school functions and for numerous outside bookings. He was so young, he had to await his sixteenth birthday before they could admit him to the Worcester Musicians' Union.

When he got out of high school, he auditioned at a Worcester radio station for an announcer's job, and won over 200 applicants. Thus he became one of the youngest regular staff announcers in the country on a major station. A year later he auditioned at WEEI to do an early morning show with Carl Moore. The two personalities clicked from the outset. The quick, rollicking, puckish humor of this descendant of Old France perfectly complemented Carl Moore's Irish sallies and thrusts.

Right away they became prime favorites with early rising New Englanders. Ray is not content just to work at his radio job. He takes outside bookings, too, and tells many interesting tales of his experiences. One time, he went up to Maine to do a show. The weather took a sudden turn for the worse, and in the middle of a cloudburst, Ray's car blew a tire. It was dismally dark, but after a while he made out the outlines of a farmhouse. Trudging through the downpour, he knocked at the door . . . knocked and knocked. Finally, a sleepy head came out a window and Ray explained his predicament. The farmer asked: "Aren't you Ray Girardin of WEEI?" From then on everything was fine. The farmer came down, brought along his tools, and in no time had Girardin ready for the road again. Nor would the farmer take any payment. He told Ray it was little enough he could do, for Ray had cheered him on many a dismal morning.

After becoming Production Manager, Ray dropped all other microphone duties except the Top o' the Morning broadcast. He is the station's youngest executive, and the youngest to make WEEI's Fifteen Year Club. He has an attractive home in Greenwood, a suburb of Boston, and is a member of its symphony orchestra. His family now consists of three husky young sons, and, at last, a daughter, born in July, who is the apple of her fond father's eye.

Helen Neushaefer **announces**

An Amazing New Lipstick

HELEN
NEUSHAEFER

With the new
wonder ingredient
LASTEEN

and a new case
with the stunning
"Color Teller Tip"

Created by Popular Demand

for a lipstick as fine as her nail polish

Women all over America have asked Helen Neushaefer to create a lipstick as lastingly lovely as her nail polish . . . one that really stays on . . . not too moist . . . not too dry, but *just right!* From her cosmetic chemists has come this amazing, new lipstick . . . containing LASTEEN, to give her lipstick what the miracle ingredient PLASTEEN gives her nail polish. Now available at chain store cosmetic counters . . . in five beautiful shades that harmonize with Helen Neushaefer nail polish.

10¢ plus tax
with PLASTEEN

Golden metal swivel case

39¢ plus tax

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., 80 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

Which Twin has the *Toni?*

(and which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below)

Bernadette Fitzgerald of Chicago, the Toni Twin, says: "As soon as Sis saw what a soft, natural-looking wave I gave myself, she admitted I was the smarter half. Next time it'll be Toni for two."

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

The very first time you try Toni, you'll have soft, natural-looking curls, deep, smooth waves — with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness. But, before you try Toni, you may want to know —

Will Toni work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?
Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni permanent by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?
Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours — even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How much curl will I have with Toni?
You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best — from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

How long will my Toni wave last?
It's *guaranteed* to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop wave or your money back.

How much do I save with Toni?
The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which Twin has the Toni?
Bernadette, on the left, is the Toni twin. The Toni Kit is on sale at all leading drug, notions and cosmetic counters.

Toni

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

Betty Garde

Some time ago in Philadelphia, a dramatic editor attended a banquet and sat next to the late George Arliss. The dramatic editor had more on his mind than the latest play to open in the Quaker City. He was worried because his fifteen-year-old daughter was stage struck and he was afraid that his own passion for the theater had got her that way. He was also afraid that she was doomed to failure on the stage, because she was very tall. So the editor asked George Arliss whether his daughter's unusual height might prove to be a hindrance. Without hesitation, Arliss replied, "The height is in the acting."

The editor told that to his daughter and she never forgot it. Today she is one of the most popular actresses in the theater and on the air. Her name is Betty Garde and she's heard currently as Peg Neely on the Perry Mason show (CBS, Monday through Friday, 2:15 PM, EST).

To Betty Garde acting is not, and never has been, a job or a glamorous career. It's a way of life. At the age of sixteen she was graduated from a Philadelphia high school. She could have gone to Wellesley, but she couldn't see how attending that famous college would help prepare her for the theater, so she passed up the chance. Instead, she wangled herself right into a local stock company, the May Desmond Players. Ironically enough, in a profession where youth and freshness are so important, Betty Garde was repeatedly cast in old lady roles. It bothered her a little then, for every girl wants to play romantic leads, but, today she says she wouldn't have missed that experience for anything.

In 1925 Betty Garde came to New York and made her Broadway debut with Otto Kruger in "The Nervous Wreck." After that she played in "Easy Come, Easy Go," "The Poor Nut" and a number of other hits. Someone suggested that Betty ought to try radio. She tried it and made it very easily. Now, in addition to her stint on Perry Mason, she is heard on no fewer than six network shows a week.

Miss Garde is a strong opponent of the "actors are born, not made," school of thought. She admits that certain natural talents are necessary, but she insists that training is far more important. She also thinks that while dramatic schools are fine and help a great deal, they aren't nearly the wonderful training ground that the old stock companies used to be.

Betty makes a point of returning to the stage from time to time. Her most recent appearance was as Aunt Eller in "Oklahoma!" She feels the need for a live audience out front, every once in awhile. It keeps her in good condition, she says.

Edwin Bruce

Edwin Bruce, currently playing the part of Dickie in Portia Faces Life, is but twelve years old, yet he is a veteran radio actor with seven years' experience on the major networks.

He has had running parts on the Open Door, Wilderness Road, The Second Mrs. Burton and played the part of Bobby Keen on the Sheriff show. He is heard currently on Joyce Jordan, M.D. as Jimmy Malone and as Jimmy Lord on the Editor's Daughter.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Edwin spent the first nine years of his life in Suffern, N. Y., in the foothills of the Ramapo Mountains. Here, at a very early age, Edwin learned to swim, row a boat and fish. Some of his other accomplishments are baseball, golf and horseback riding. His real hobby is stamp collecting. He can spend hours browsing through stamp exhibits, and also going through his own good-sized collection.

Edwin is the youngest of three children, and is devoted to his sister Dorothy and his brother Joel. He is very proud of his big brother who is serving in the Navy. As for his sister, well, she just about brought him up. And furthermore, she was responsible for making an uncle out of Edwin. That's a fact! Edwin has two fine nephews and he recognizes his responsibilities to them. His mother, Cecile May, fusses over Edwin just as though he were still an infant, a situation Edwin copes with with amazing tact for a lad of his age. His father has taken over the management of Edwin's career.

Like most American children, he would love some day soon to become a motion picture actor. The opportunity presented itself some time ago, but because of previous radio commitments he had to pass it up.

Edwin has his mind made up on his future in radio. He is looking forward to a show of his own some day, as a hot-shot comedian like Bob Hope, or a big-time announcer or m. c. like John Reed King, or a director of radio shows. In order to prepare himself for radio directing, he is studying music. He also gives serious attention to the study of dialects and mimicry.

Some of the important actresses and actors with whom Edwin has worked in radio and stage are: Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard, Lucille Ball, Claire Trevor, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Shirley Boothe, Florence Eldridge, Martha Scott, Gregory Peck, Fredric March, Bob Hope, Burgess Meredith, Joseph Cotten, Claude Raines and John Garfield.

It's keen chewing gum

Most everybody loves the refreshingly different, clean taste of Dentyne —*it's keen chewing gum!*

And Dentyne owes its popularity to more than delightful, long-lasting flavor alone! Its firm chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too.

Every time you enjoy Dentyne, you enjoy the *quality* result of 75 years of Adams manufacturing know-how. Try the other Adams quality gums, too. Always—

buy gum by Adams

Reg. Trade Marks

$25,000 IN PRIZES TO GET YOU TO TRY WONDERFUL NEW, IMPROVED DRENE!

BLONDES! BRUNETTES! RED HEADS!

Discover New, Improved Drene's

BEAUTY BONUS FOR ALL TYPES OF HAIR

- Reveals all the natural lustre!
- Leaves hair easier to set, curl, arrange!
- Never dries out hair!

VIRGINIA MAYO

Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy

"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Virginia Mayo is just one of the lovely Hollywood stars who have switched to the wonderful New, Improved Drene Shampoo. She says,

"My hair is now so full of highlights it actually shines."

WIN $10,000 FIRST PRIZE

$1,000 SECOND PRIZE

280 PRIZES OF $50 EACH

282 PRIZES! GET DRENE! ENTER NOW!

What's your beauty problem? Is your hair oily? Dry? Dull? Hard to manage? Here's your opportunity to discover the magic of New, Improved Drene for all types of hair—and win a big prize, too!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: To get you to try New, Improved Drene we've made this great new contest easy to enter. Discover Drene's "beauty bonus" for *your* hair—then complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less:

"New, improved Drene is perfect for my type of hair, because ..."

Mail your entry with the top (or facsimile) of any Drene carton to Drene, Dept. M, Box 2118, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Your entry may win that $10,000 first prize!

HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN! You'll quickly find how New, Improved Drene makes quicker, richer, more active lather. Brings out all the sheen in your hair—more sheen than any soap shampoo. Never dries out your hair. Leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl and arrange. There's plenty to write about!

Let Virginia Mayo give you an example: "New, Improved Drene is perfect for my type of hair because its rich, mellow lather brings out all the natural color brilliance of my hair and leaves it soft, smooth, and easy to set and curl."

Try it! Get Drene now! Your sentence may win!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Complete this sentence: "New, Improved Drene is perfect for my type of hair because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Write on an official entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly name and address. Send in as many entries as you wish. Entry blanks available where you get Drene—at toilet goods counters everywhere.

2. Mail to Drene, Dept. M, Box 2118, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enclose top (or facsimile) of any Drene carton with each entry. Be sure to use enough postage.

3. Any resident of the United States or Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

4. First Prize will be $10,000, Second Prize $1,000 and 280 additional prizes of $50 each.

5. The contest is open now. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, November 29, and received by midnight, December 14, 1947.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

7. All winners will be notified by mail shortly after close of the contest. Winners lists will be available on request about one month after close of contest.

CBS is there!

HISTORY is no longer a dry record of the events of the past, in which wooden figures move through an unreal series of events, coming to conclusions which we find it hard to believe can matter to us now, or ever did matter.

The Columbia Broadcasting System, this past season, has given its listeners a new definition of history. Now, as never before, the figures of historical importance have walked among us. We have heard them come alive, speak to us. The speeches which have rocked the world in the past have rung in our own ears, and the roar of long-gone battles has echoed in our own homes. Because, whenever history inscribed a leaf in the book of time—CBS was there!

Did you, with CBS, stand at the side of Christopher Columbus as he planted the flag of Spain on the shores of the land we live in? Did you, with CBS, attend a witch hunt in the Salem of Cotten Mather? Did you, with CBS, go to Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, to see a performance of "Our American Cousin," and so become a witness to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln? Were you, with CBS, one of the mob which, fighting for the things dearer than life itself, stormed the Bastille? If not, you have missed some of the most exciting experiences which radio has ever offered its listeners, for when CBS is there, you can be, too!

The idea behind CBS Is There is a simple one, and is embodied in the title. Skillfully, producer-director Robert Louis Shayon and narrator John Daly pretend that they are on the spot at some great moment in history. They interview the principals who are making history, the bystanders who are unaware that they are watching history being made. They describe the scene, the clothes being worn, the vehicles in use—so that, at the end of the program, the listener has a complete, *alive* picture of the event, to its last detail.

This program was one of the many summer shows which are used to replace winter-season commercials. Unfortunately for every radio listener, young or old, CBS Is There has now gone off the air, to make way for winter programs. So unfortunate that this, the most interesting, most listenable historical program, and indeed one of the most interesting and listenable programs of any sort ever heard, should have left the air, that the editors of RADIO MIRROR urge listeners everywhere to write to CBS demanding its return as an all-year-round feature. It was your program—if you want this, and others like it, strongly enough, you can have them. But you must make your wishes known.

CBS Is There is not the only excellent summer program which has had to make way for winter season schedules. It is only one—one of the most excellent, the most worthy to be kept on the air—of many. We do not mean to imply that the new or returned winter season programs aren't welcome back, that they do not have a place in many a reader's listening schedule. It is simply that when a program as outstanding as CBS Is There, and others of the same caliber, are taken away, the networks do their listeners a distinct disservice.

Mourning the loss of these programs isn't the proper way to go about arranging for their return. But writing to the network is. Every program you, as a listener, sincerely liked, would have liked to listen to regularly in the winter as well as the summer season, deserves a letter to the network concerned, asking for its return. True—yours will be only one letter. But many single letters can combine to exert the pressure necessary to bring your favorite program back.

And remember—the networks, all of them, *want* to give you what *you* want. But unless you tell them what it is that you want, they have no way of knowing. It's up to the listeners to let them know!

The Editors

The Thing called Faith

There were no words to comfort Margaret—she was past believing. And so the wise and kindly minister of the Guiding Light had to find another way . . .

By DR. CHARLES MATTHEWS

THROUGH my study window I saw them come up the walk, the straight, slender woman and the joyous, dancing child. The little girl's dress was a bright splash of pink against the green of the church lawn; her braids, caught back with pink ribbons, shone brown-gold in the sun. She tipped back her head, child-fashion, to squint up at the parish house, and her face was pointed, piquant, her smile as joyous as her dancing walk.

She didn't look like a Flats child. Selby Flats is a poor section. Most of the youngsters—and their parents—who come to the Church of the Good Samaritan need something—better food and clothes and places to live, or just love and care and understanding.

My sister, Winifred, who keeps house for me and guards my study hours zealously, was in the garden. She moved forward to intercept the woman and the little girl, talked with the woman for a moment, and then went back to her flowers. I got up from my desk, placed a paper weight on the notes I'd been making for a sermon. It was an important sermon—a Thanksgiving sermon, although Thanksgiving was a good two weeks away. Winifred knew how much I was trying to say in it, and how little I seemed to be able to say. It was very difficult, in this troubled post-war world, to convince people that they had much to be thankful for.

Whoever the woman was, her errand must be urgent; otherwise, Winifred would have told her to come back another time. I went to the door, opened it as she rang the bell.

"Dr. Matthews?" she asked.

I nodded. "Won't you come in?" She was about thirty years old, and nicely, if far from expensively dressed. She had a strong, sweet face, although just now it seemed to me to be set and nervous, and she clutched—almost desperately—the hand of the little girl. In the study, she sank gratefully into the visitor's chair, let the child's hand drop.

"I'm Margaret Gordon, Dr. Matthews," she said. "This is my— This is Carol. We're staying at Mrs. Olson's boardinghouse. So many people there have told me about you and your church, how you've helped them, and I thought—I hoped—" She'd been glancing at the child as she spoke. Now she stopped, said abruptly, "Carol, don't you want to go outside and play in the garden? If Dr. Matthews doesn't mind—"

Carol nodded and sent me a quick, eager glance. I smiled down at her and took her hand. "My sister, Mrs. Hale, will show you around," I said. "And I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't have some refreshments, too. We had some extra-good cookies at lunch today."

Winifred was only too glad to have Carol. I left them together and went back to the study. Margaret Gordon was at the window, watching Carol and Winifred. She turned and sat down as I entered. "We can talk now," I said, and she turned back to the chair, sitting stiffly on the edge of the seat.

"It's about Carol," she said rapidly, as if she'd rehearsed it. "I—I'd like to find a home for her, a good home. I thought you might know someone who'd want her—or perhaps you could make an announcement in church on Sunday. I know that most people want to adopt babies, and Carol's eight years old, but she's a good little girl, and now that it's near Thanksgiving, perhaps someone's heart will be touched—"

I sat down, fumbled with the papers on my desk, trying not to show the blank astonishment I felt. Margaret Gordon looked like the last woman in the world who'd want to give her child away. She looked as though she would scrub (*Continued on page* 84)

Hugh Studebaker is Dr. Matthews in this picture and on The Guiding Light, heard Monday through Friday, 1:45 P.M., EST, on CBS.

"There must be something behind this." Dr. Matthews thought as he faced his congregation. "Something that we do not completely understand. But one thing I do know: I cannot ask for a home for that little girl today. How can we, when we are supposed to have the spirit of Thanksgiving in our hearts, give away a child as if she were a chattel, wanted no longer."

Daddy and Mother Bruder and fifteen-year-old sister Joan like family evenings together—Chinese checkers the feature attraction.

Goodbye kiss, then off for Juvenile Jury, heard Sundays, 3:30 P.M., EST, over Mutual.

I'm a

Dad said, "All we need in this family is someone on radio," —so Peggy Bruder obliged!

Now that Peggy's appearing regularly on the Jury, she has an extra incentive for study.

By PEGGY BRUDER

WE HAVE four radios in our house. There is the big one in the living room, and a small one in the kitchen, and a small one in my sister's bedroom and another small one in mine. Sometimes they are all going at once, if Mother, Dad, Joan and I all have different programs we want to listen to. One night about a year ago Dad said, "Sometimes I think this house revolves around radio programs. All we need now is to have somebody in the family actually on the air!"

Of course he was joking, but funnily enough that is the way it has worked out, and I'm the one who is on the air, most Sunday afternoons over the Mutual Broadcasting System on the Juvenile Jury program. I'm on television, too, and that is something Dad didn't bargain for. He says he guesses now he'll have to buy a television set besides all the radios.

I certainly never expected to do any broadcasting. I am ten years old now, so I was only nine last December when I started, and nobody in my family has ever been an actress or anything like that. But my mother and father are the kind of parents that believe in letting their children do anything they want to do, as long as they don't hurt themselves or other people, so when I thought up a problem for the Juvenile Jury to solve they said, "Well, why don't you see if they'd like to put it on the air?" And I did.

Before that, we had been listening to the program every Sunday

JUVENILE JUROR

Jack Barry is the master of ceremonies, beloved by all the Juvenile Jury. Below, Peggy, who isn't sure what she'll be when she's older. tries ballet.

afternoon for a long time. If you haven't heard it, this is how it works. The Jury has five children on it, boys and girls, from about five to eleven or twelve years old, and listeners are asked to send in problems for the boys and girls to discuss and solve, if they can. It isn't a quiz program, it's more of a forum, on subjects that interest children. For instance, one of the problems might be from a mother who has a little boy who always stays in a movie to see the picture three or four times, and she thinks he ought to come out and spend more of the day playing out of doors, so she asks the Jury what they think she ought to do about it.

Mr. Jack Barry is master of ceremonies, and he reads out the problems and sort of leads the discussions.

Well, as I say, in our house, we used to listen, and we'd discuss the problem ourselves. I said one Sunday, "I know something I wish they'd give me some advice about," and Mother asked me what it was, and when I told her she said she thought it was a very good problem and why didn't I offer it to the program.

If we lived far away from New York, I'd have had to write the problem down and mail it in, and even if they'd decided to use it on the air I couldn't have gone on myself. But we live in Brooklyn, so one day when Mother and I were in Manhattan shopping, we went to the office of the man who produces Juvenile (*Continued on page* 108)

Ozzie takes a

In which he demonstrates to Harriet that the early

"Yes, dear," Harriet answered. "You have learned your lesson. Now go on and tell me what's happened"

Tuck in Time

bird always gets exactly what he so richly deserves!

Everything was clicking along fine. Treating himself to a drink from the hose, Ozzie had no feeling that Time was breathing down his neck.

By IRIS NOBLE

THE door slammed.

"Is that you, Ozzie?" Harriet Nelson called from the top of the stairs.

"Yes . . . it's me!"

"Oh, dear." From long familiarity, and from the tone of his voice, she could gauge with mathematical accuracy the degree of ferment that was agitating her so-often-agitated spouse. She hurried down the stairs. "What's the trouble now, dear?"

"Well, all I have to say is that not every man can profit by his mistakes. Not every man can see the handwriting on the wall the way I can." He folded his arms sternly across his chest. "Harriet—I've learned my lesson. Never—*never* again—will I be late for anything."

Absentmindedly she reached up to take the hat off his head and give him a wifely peck. "Yes, dear. You've learned your lesson. Now tell me what happened."

"Oh." Ozzie had been gazing up at the wall, a man transfigured by his own humility. Now he came down to earth. "You know you've always said that one of my bad habits is being late. I prefer to think that I'm a leisurely, philosophical sort of guy—but that's neither here nor there. The point is, Harriet, today I realized what a tremendous difference a minute—a second, even—can make in a man's life." Then, as he saw the little smile lurking in the corner of Harriet's mouth, he hurried on. "You know that corner newsstand on Rogers and Maple? Well, I ran as fast as I could from the bus today but I was too late and they were all sold out and the stand was closed!"

"But the evening paper is here, Ozzie. The newsboy threw it into the fishpond just as he always—"

"Harriet, I didn't want the newspaper. I wanted the latest edition of Atomboom Andy."

"The comic book? But, Ozzie," Harriet looked puzzled as she linked her arm in his and drew him into the living room, "you know Rickey and David don't like Atomboom. They don't think he's nearly as good as Miracleman Melvin."

"Must we always consider the boys? I mean—shouldn't a father guide his sons' taste in literature?—I mean—Harriet, you *know* Atomboom Andy (*Continued on page* 99)

This is a new story, written for Radio Mirror. Ozzie and Harriet are heard every Sunday night at 6, EST, over Columbia stations.

Come and Visit JACK

Mary and Joan and Jack might live in Waukegan, Illinois, instead of in Hollywood. For in that town where the marriage fatality rate is abnormally high, Jack and Mary have made their marriage a successful mark at which others may aim, and have achieved a happy and normal home life for their young daughter. That's no small feat—and here's the story of how the Bennys have accomplished it.

For Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone on the air, listen to the Jack Benny Show, Sunday nights at 7 EST on NBC.

BENNY

A place of his own for everybody

—that is the Benny formula for

happy, harmonious family living.

True, Jack Benny is a busy man. But no man, he swears, can be so busy that he can't take time out to find out what goes on in the life —and the quick mind—of his young daughter!

By POLLY TOWNSEND

UNDER one roof: a house for everybody, and for everybody a house of his own.

This is Mary Livingstone's recipe for a harmonious family life, and it works like a talisman —even in Hollywood where (despite the well-paid efforts of half the psychiatric brains in the country) more marriages explode in the headlines than go on year in year out in a sort of a miraculous serenity.

Of course, if you're living in Quonset hut with your bride and her mother and planning to put Junior in the dresser drawer, a description of the Jack Bennys' serene and well-roofed existence will only hasten your trip to the divorce court, or to Washington to have the heads of the housing expediters.

But even in such dire straits as that you will be thinking and planning for your dream home of the not too distant future and a look-in at a housing system which is different—and which *works*—may come in handy.

As any good architect or builder will tell you, you must start planning your house by thinking hard about the way you live, about what sort of people your house must provide for, and what sort of work and play and rest and hobbies make up their lives.

In the style of the Georgians, and set in its own spacious grounds, the Benny house looks the part of a home where contentment—and room for everyone—make life worth while.

Come and Visit JACK BENNY

A beautiful greeting to guests, a refreshing welcome-home for the family—the gracious curve of the stairway, the sparkle of crystal prisms in the Benny entrance hall.

A place where a man can work or relax as he sees fit—Jack's room.

Far away from Jack, Joannie can make all the noise she wants.

For work is not just work—nor rest just rest, etc., etc. And people—and if you're living in a Quonset hut you have found this out—are not just people. Every individual has a way of living all his own, and if it is blocked and thwarted too long by the external conditions of his life, he will explode with as much noise and almost as much release of radio-active poison matter as did the atom bomb over Bikini.

Mary Benny knew this when she planned her house, and she planned carefully for *lebensraum* for three as disparate human beings as ever found shelter under a single rooftop.

First of all, of course, the house had to *work* for Jack Benny. More of the sweat and toil which produces the Benny radio show every week goes on at the Benny home than in Jack's office or at NBC studios—so Jack's *lebensraum* had to provide for working space, shut off from the noise and confusions of the rest of the household. As for Jack's recreation—if there is work to be done, he doesn't get any. His rest, ditto—if the script is in trouble Jack Benny can get along with catnaps, spending more of the small hours awake and at work than pounding the pillow. His hobbies—well, unless you count golf and gin rummy and seeing his friends (which he gets around to during the radio season only when Mary insists that he leave the woe to the writers for a spell), his hobbies are more work. Jack's housing needs, then, are simple: quiet, privacy, the right to turn on the lights in the middle of the night—a room of his own.

Then there is Joan, the Bennys' daughter—twelve years old, healthy, active and gregarious. Her work—the teachers at El Rodeo School pile on the home work, to hear Joannie tell it—so there must be a place to study. Her hobbies are horseback riding, swimming, playing the phonograph and the piano with the more friends around the merrier. Her rest—black out! The sort of exhaustion Joan's life promotes is not like her father's; it makes for good, sound sleep, nine until seven, with no interruptions. Her needs; a place for hollering—alternating with sleep—preferably far away from her father's retreat and suitably soundproofed, i.e., a room of her own.

Mary's own habit patterns seem distinctly normal—humdrum, even—after a glance at the rest of the family, but on closer inspection they, too, make for a bit of planning. From long years in the theater, Mary has appropriated the custom of going to bed very late. This does not mean that she must be up and doing until dawn. The up-staying is just as pleasant if you're propped up in bed with plenty of pillows and a cigarette and some new books. But it means compromising on the other end of the night. Mary's maid knows that Mrs. Benny will want her breakfast tray before noon only if she has a vital business appointment. So Mary, too, needs a room of her own.

As a result the second floor of the Bennys' spacious Georgian home in Beverly Hills is laid out

Upstairs, everything's private, but in the big, comfortable playroom the Bennys can be a family.

When you stay up late reading and get up equally late in the morning, as Mary does, your bedroom should be comfortable and beautiful. Mary's is both.

in three suites—so different in character and equipment that they could be three separate apartments, in three never conflicting worlds.

"Never?" As Gilbert and Sullivan put it, "Well, hardly ever."

Even with Mary's meticulous planning, Hard Working Jack and Hard Playing Joan sometimes manage a head-on collision.

At these moments, Rule No. One of family policy is invoked: "Daddy, if he is working, is always right."

Recently, Jack's producers and writing staff were working at the house with the boss. They were up against a knotty script-cutting problem. Down the hall with her door ajar, Joannie was practicing her piano lesson. She plays very well, but anyone's practicing has a tendency to become monotonous. And besides, the counting—one-two-three-four—was distinctly audible, and (*Continued on page* 78)

The library, with its Dutch tile fireplace, is "family" too.

The RADIO

THIS YEAR, for the first time, the most important people in the radio business—the listeners themselves—have an opportunity to make public their opinions about the programs they hear on the air, have a voice in choosing the stars they will hear in the future.

Another poll for radio favorites may not, at first glance, seem particularly important. There have, it is true, been many such polls. What makes the Radio Mirror Awards different, and by reason of this difference so important, lies in the fact that *never before* have radio listeners themselves been asked, on a nationwide scale, "Who are your favorite stars? What are your favorite programs?" Until now those questions have been asked of radio critics, columnists, editors, and the people who by the very nature of their jobs, their perfectly natural prejudices, and their trained critical opinions cannot answer those questions from the point of view most important of all—the point of view of the people who listen to their radios solely because they want to listen.

In general, it is certainly true that radio critics, columnists, editors try honestly to be fair in their expressions of opinion. They try to put themselves in the place of the radio listener, and to evaluate programs from the listener's point of view. But the fact remains that these people are *not* average radio listeners. There is always the possibility that some of them may be guided by the policies of the publications for which they work. By the very nature of their work, most radio editors, critics and columnists form friendships with radio performers. It is only human nature to be prejudiced in favor of your friends, no matter how hard you try to be impartial.

There are a number of very understandable reasons why the opinion of the average listener is important to the radio industry itself, to the people who decide what programs and what stars shall be on the air. In the first place, radio in the United States is a business. A large amount of the time that each network is heard on the air each day has been purchased by sponsors. The sponsor wishes to bring his sales message to the listener, and to bring it in such a way that the listener is pleased to hear about the sponsor's product and its uses. This pleasure is derived from the entertainment which goes along with the sales message—the music, dramatic program or whatever it may be that the sponsor has chosen.

The sponsor is interested in selling his product. It is obvious that, provided the product is a good one, and one which the listener needs, the listener will buy the product

MIRROR AWARDS *for 1947*

of the sponsor who gives him what he considers good entertainment on the air. The radio networks, too, are interested in providing the listener with what he likes. The networks are in competition, know that the one with the best programs has the most listeners.

It is true that if a listener feels very strongly, he can write to the network about his feelings. And it is true that the networks and the sponsors pay careful attention to such letters. But isn't it very true that if you are annoyed by a program you are likely to write an indignant letter, while if you like it you are likely to sit back in complacent enjoyment and do nothing?

It is true, too, that professional surveys of listener opinion are made, but in the main these surveys ignore many thousands who do not live within reach of them.

Radio has long needed an accurate barometer of the opinions of *all* of its listeners. Here, in the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards, is that barometer.

Radio Mirror invites every listener to network radio, in every part of the country, to cast his vote in the Awards this year, and in the years to come.

PRINTED below is a ballot, with space for you to vote for your favorite star in each of the various classifications listed. Next to each type of star, write the name of the person who, in your opinion, is the best in that field. Vote only for the stars you hear on network programs, because this is a nationwide poll. Local favorites cannot be considered. Cut out the ballot and send it to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You need not sign your name. Votes will be counted by impartial judges, and the results will be announced in the April, 1948, issue of Radio Mirror and at the same time on the programs which have won the approval of the majority of listeners.

Next month—the December issue of Radio Mirror Magazine, on sale Wednesday, November 12—a ballot similar to this one will appear, on which you can vote for your favorite *programs*. Remember—vote only for your favorite *stars* on the ballot below. Vote for your favorite programs *next month,* on the ballot for that purpose.

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STARS

(Write in the name of your *one* favorite star opposite *each* of the classifications below)

SINGER (woman) . . . . . **SINGER (man)** . . . . .

ORCHESTRA LEADER . . . . . **NEWS COMMENTATOR** . . . . .

ANNOUNCER . . . . . **SPORTS ANNOUNCER** . . . . .

COMEDIAN (man) . . . . . **COMEDIENNE (woman)** . . . . .

DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS . . . . . **DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR** . . . . .

QUIZMASTER . . . . . **HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM** . . . . .

MOST PROMISING NEWCOMER TO RADIO THIS YEAR . . . . . .

Radio Mirror cannot ask you to vote for your favorite disc jockey, as most of the disc jockey programs are local, not network. However, so that record program listeners may have a say in Radio Mirror Awards, we ask you to vote for:

YOUR FAVORITE RECORDING . . . . . **AS PLAYED BY** . . . . .

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"The lass with the delicate air" has at last discovered that hard work can be a great deal of fun!

Shining

A YEAR ago Evelyn Knight, who looks so pink and white and healthy on Radio Mirror's cover this month, was more green than pink. And anything but healthy.

She was in a hospital bed, with a collapsed lung—threatened with a complete nervous collapse. And she was frightened. Doctors who had warned her for months to slow down now had made it an ultimatum. Take it easy, they said. One more of these and you'll have to give up singing altogether.

Fine state of affairs for an easy-going Virginia girl who hadn't wanted to rush around in the first place. She reached for the bedside telephone and called her business agent.

"That offer to join the Tony Martin show in California—does that still go?" she asked him.

It did.

"Take it," she said.

Seven-year-old Andy has half interest in everything that "Honey" owns. And she demands her half, too, in things like kites and checkers—and plays a mean game, Andy says.

By Pauline Swanson

Knight

One day's work a week in the resortland of California: it sounded like play to hard-working Evelyn, the only lazy girl in the world, she says, whoever got a nervous breakdown.

How did it happen?

"The lass with the delicate air" hit New York in 1943, an unknown singer at the Blue Angel. Overnight her soft voice and characteristic rhythm were a big-time sensation.

She came into the Blue Angel for a two-week engagement, stayed ten months. By the end of the engagement her nightly appearances at the club were just one phase of a strenuous professional life.

She was on the air five nights a week, she was making records and transcriptions. She sang as often as six times a week for audiences of servicemen.

Her young son Andy, who had been "so good—such peaches and cream," (*Continued on page* 66)

Her "New York clothes" aren't even unpacked. Evelyn bought California-style things, and has been living in them since she came out to join the Tony Martin Show, on which she can be heard Sunday nights, 9:30 P.M., EST, over CBS stations.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

ROSEMARY

By request of Radio Mirror's readers: here is the first of a new series—the past lives of your daytime serial favorites, re-lived in pictures to bring their stories up to date.

1. Rosemary is a modern girl who seeks happiness through her work, her family, and the man she loves. That family consists of Mother Dawson, who has brought up Rosemary and her sister Patti alone since the disappearance of the girls' father many years ago, and Patti, now sixteen, gay, boy-crazy—a delight to her mother and her older sister. With earnings from her first job, Rosemary bought a Cape Cod cottage where the Dawsons now live. Some time ago a neighbor, Dr. Jim Cotter (who is in love with Mrs. Dawson) told them of a young veteran who had lost his memory and who was in need of a home in which to rest and recuperate. Sympathetic to the young man's problem, Mother Dawson immediately offered a room in their house, and Bill Roberts came to live with the Dawsons.

2. The moment Rosemary met Bill she lost her heart to him. Dr. Cotter, delighted at having found a place for Bill to stay, was nevertheless troubled when he recognized the love that was coming into being between Rosemary and Bill.

3. Mrs. Dawson emphasized to Rosemary the dangers of falling in love with a man who had absolutely no recollection of the past. He might be engaged or married—even have children. Bill agreed that the situation was dangerous.

4. Persuaded by Dr. Jim, Bill left town. Rosemary followed and, reunited, the two agreed that nothing mattered but their love. They were married, stopped to tell the family, then left on their honeymoon.

5. That very afternoon terrifying memory returned to Bill—remembrance of another wife, and a child. And with it, forgetfulness of his romance and marriage to Rosemary. Heartbroken, posing as a friend, Rosemary took Bill back to Springdale.

6. Knowing that the most important thing in her life is Bill's happiness, Rosemary managed to locate his wife, Audrey—at a party in New York—with a questionable character, Lefty Higgins. Audrey had sold Bill's farm, put their daughter Jessica in a home.

Now that you have been brought up to date on the past happenings in the life of Rosemary, hear her story daily, 11:45 A.M., EST, CBS stations. In these pictures, as on the air:

Rosemary.....Betty Winkler
Bill Roberts.....George Keane
Mrs. Dawson.....Marion Barney
Patti.....Patsy Campbell
Audrey Roberts.....Joan Alexander
Jessica.....Joan Lazer
Lefty Higgins.....Larry Haines
Dr. Jim Cotter.....Charles Penman
Mrs. Snyder.....Ethel Owen

9. Unsatisfied, Bill called Rosemary, was told the truth, and decided to take action with his wife so that he and Rosemary could be together. Terrified of scandal involving Rosemary, Bill went for advice to a neighbor, Mrs. Snyder, who seemed sympathetic.

7. For the sake of young Jessica, Bill decided to try life with Audrey, who agreed because of his money, which she wanted. Bill was miserably unhappy. One day, in a sudden flash of memory, he went to the telephone, called up Mother Dawson.

8. Was it possible he had been engaged, even married to Rosemary, Bill asked? Patti listened breathlessly while Mother Dawson, with the whole future of her daughter at stake, sparred for time.

10. Racketeer Lefty meanwhile proved that Rosemary and Bill were married. Mrs. Snyder went to Audrey who refused to give her money in exchange for information. A mistake—for Mrs. Snyder knew that Bill's marriage to Audrey had not been legal.

11. Audrey's cousin, not a clergyman, had performed the fake ceremony! Audrey is left without recourse, and Rosemary and Bill are happily reunited—much to the joy of little daughter Jessica, who has learned to love Rosemary, daddy's "friend".

Between the

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

OLD COWBELL

Rusty on its thong it hangs
against the dusty barn's gray wall,
whose summer-wandering mellow clang
told the farm boy where call,
Now in the chill blue autumn dusk
the hill lies rusty as the note
hidden in the silent bell
lonely for a tawny throat.

—Frances Frost

Dream Shortage

Fold your hand inside of mine,
Close your eyes, forget all time.
Dream of days in paradise
Introduced by shoes and rice.
Dream of all we'd like to do,
Things divisible by two.
Dream, and dreaming so forget
Dreams are not for hire yet.

—Marie J. Garnett

Second Helping

Since no device can make me thin
I may as well get fatter;
If I must take it on the chin
Which one doesn't matter.

—Adah Fletcher Putney

MY LIGHT THOU ART

My light thou art, without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darkened with eternal night;
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way, I wander if thou fly;
Thou art my light, if hid, how blind am I
Thou art my life, if thou withdraw'st I die.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths.
Thou art my way;
Without thee, Love, I travel not, but stray.

—John Wilmot

WARNING IN DUE TIME

My heart is a haunted place—
Come in at your own discretion.
Dear, for a little space
My heart is a haunted place,
Oblivious of your embrace—
Ghosts of the past have possession:
My heart is a haunted place:
Come in at your own discretion!

—Marion Doyle

Bookends

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

Dearly Beloved

Dearly Beloved, the dusk is on the hills,
The little moon is dripping silver night,
Above the meadowlands the whip-poor-wills
Are crying out their sad hearts to the night.

Dearly Beloved, could you but come once more
Across the dusk-filled grass as once you came,
Up like a happy bird my heart would soar,
And I would rise to meet you like a flame.

Dearly Beloved, you have been gone so long—
Even the night birds voice it in their song.

—Grace Noll Crowell

Private View of a Public Opinion

A girl whose hair is brown
Can set fire to a town
And murder every person in his bed.
And the people sit and wonder
What made her err and blunder
And started her to lead the life she led.
On the other hand . . .
If a girl whose hair is yellow
Merely steals another's fellow
They would have her tried and sentenced without bond.
For to them it's quite apparent
That her trouble is inherent,
And she did the things she did because she's blonde.

—Audrey Loehr

WILL POWER

After a few unsuccessful tries,

Don't be discouraged one little bit;

There are no heights to which man can't rise

If his wife has set her mind to it!

—Thomas Usk

Commentator

Factual, suave and circumspect,

He's careful never to reflect

His sponsor's views, amd makes it known

That he has no views of his own.

—Avery Giles

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $50

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

A woman can't be attractive in bits and pieces, Willis says —it's the all over, head-to-toes effect that really counts!

Expert Richard Willis guides his listeners on a head-to-toes glamor campaign

Phyllis Glennon starts on her lesson.

EVERY day is learn-something-new day for CBS women listeners when the man who knows answers beauty and fashion questions for his guests. He's Richard Willis, motion picture makeup man and charm expert extraordinary of Look Your Best, CBS Monday through Friday, 10 A.M., EST. At each broadcast, four women with diverse problems are chosen for air interviews. Producer of the program is John Carney. On the next page, Mr. Willis goes shopping with Phyllis Glennon of Forest Hills, N. Y., who requested wardrobe "help" the day RADIO MIRROR took these pictures.

Willis, secretary Irene Mansfield, and some of the "can I be beautiful?" mail.

Look your BEST

1. Willis casts an approving eye as Lura de Gez finishes combing Phyllis' re-styled hair.

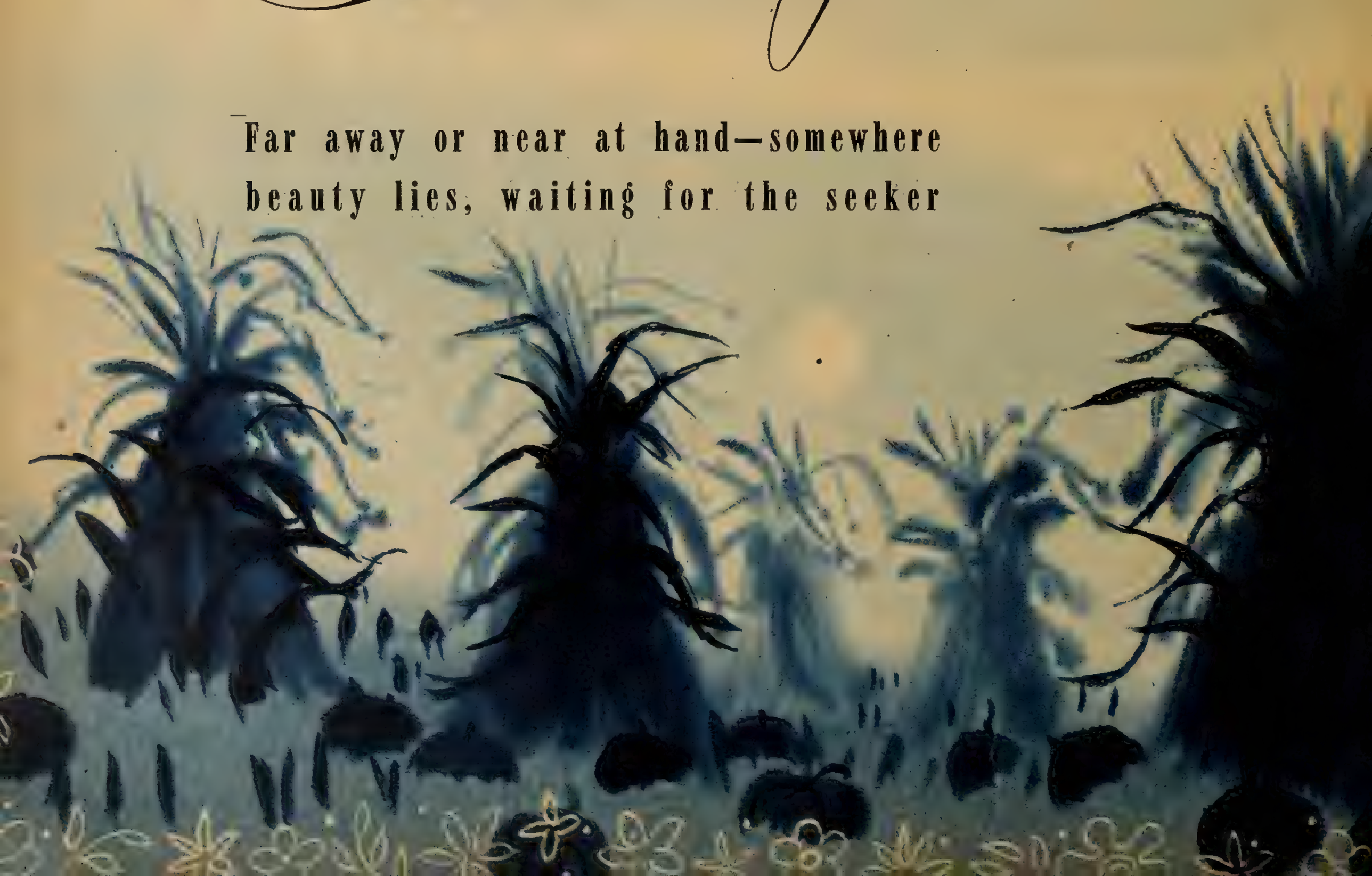
2. The expert himself attends to her make-up, with careful explanations of how and why with every step.

3. Clothes—the right ones—make the woman. And Phyllis is told why these are right ones for her.

4. The finished product: a new suit, hat, gloves, purse and shoes, and a brand-new Phyllis in them!

Life can be Beautiful

Far away or near at hand—somewhere
beauty lies, waiting for the seeker



NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Radio Mirror's "best letter" for November

Dear Papa David:

You may have heard about the many unsuccessful marriages between white men and brown women over here in the South Sea Islands. They were true, for I was one of the many victims. But I would like to say that my marriage life has given me greed and hatred, which drove me away from this Island once, to gain clear horizon and wider experience. After that I found my happiness, not over there but back here where I belong.

Sixteen years ago, romance took a hand in my life and I fell in love with a white man. He was English and I am a full Polynesian. We got married in spite of our friends' warning not to, because of the difference between our races. We told them that our love with each other was so deep, nothing could pull us apart.

In the first year of our marriage we found it was hard to pretend. Our manners and our ways of thinking were far apart. Many things both of us would not agree to. But we were mutual about these matters.

My husband was very considerate in everything. He taught me how to eat with fork and knife, also how to cook as well as to do several other works. He did everything he could give me better outlook and knowledge. Once he told me that I was a good pupil, eager and quick to learn. Ah! wasn't I pleased? But in spite of his loving compliments, I, in my heart realized it was no use. I could not help seeing the disappointments in his eyes.

Four years afterwards poverty striked into our home. My husband worked very hard to keep our home together and I did my best to make our living cheap using Island foods only which were plentiful and no cost. All, what money that came in, went for the needs of our three children.

When condition became worst my husband decided to go to New Zealand where he hoped to find work and later send for us. That was the last time the children and I ever saw him. Six months after his departure he wrote and asked me for a divorce. He was very sorry, he said in his letter, for leaving me like that. And while he was away, he has thought a lot about marriage. It was pleasant, loving and full of fire, then he came to the conclusion that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet."

Papa David, I do not know how to put into writing the feeling I had that day. I only knew it was terrible. There were pains—pains that made me feel like doing something vicious, like drowning myself. I hated the smallness of this Island and its inhabitants. I disliked the presence of our children, my Mother and our friends. I even hated my own race, the Polynesians. I swore I would go away—far away to the lands where my husband came from, to live amongst his kind, learn their way of living and be one of them. Never to return over here any more.

After writing to my husband telling him to go ahead with his divorce, mentioning how he has cheated me and was not fair, I left for Tahiti leaving the children with my mother. On my first day over there I got acquainted with an American lady. I supposed I must have talked a lot and had told part of my life to her for she got interested in me and on the very same day, engaged me as her companion. I told her all—including my broken marriage and my intentions. "Are you sure about your destination?" she asked. "Sure," I said, "there is no going back for me. My husband has shown something that left me unsatisfied, that is, to live full white or full Polynesian, is the only way to happiness. So I am for your way." "Well," she said after a while, "I will take you to Arizona if you care to go along with me."

Two months later we left for America. She gave me a very good time over there. I was given everything I asked for. She and her husband took me to see all the new pictures that came out. (Thanks to their wonderful hospitalities.) When time permits she would drive me in her car to California, to Mexico and to New York. In parties I learned how to dance, to smoke and to be polite when questioned. I became an expert in applying my own lipstick and rouge. My friend was always throwing surprises on to me. She gave me a corset to wear (which was not needed for I was slim), anyway I like its support and comforts. Day by day (*Continued on page* 89)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard at 12 noon, PST; 1 P.M., MST; 2 P.M., CST; 3 P.M., EST, on NBC stations.

Everyday

By
HARRY MYNATT

A job of work for Harry Mynatt—to spend a day and an evening with wants-to-be-a-model Jeri Demick.

This Queen wanted music and quiet so Harry found an outdoor concert.

"Your limousine awaits with-

FIVE nights a week, every week, I have a date with a different woman. As official host to the winners of the Queen for a Day radio program over the Mutual Broadcasting System network I have been escort to more than five hundred women in the past two years.

So let's get this for the record: I am a happily-married man. I am a doting father. I am a man who likes his slippers and his pipe and his fireside and picnics with his family and puttering around the house, hammering in a shelf or two where it's needed.

I repeat: I'm a happily-married man.

That's just so we all understand each other. You might get the idea that being host to the Queens calls for a kind of playboy character who looks forward eagerly every night to lapping up the champagne offered by the nightclubs we visit—who is the kind of veteran first-nighter who likes to be seen at every premiere and opening night of plays and theaters—who gets a big-shot complex out of hobnobbing with movie stars on the studio sets—who likes to call restaurant owners by their first names and be recognized, with bows, by maitres d'hotel and headwaiters.

Sure, this is my weekly routine. But it's not

KING

For him, play is work and work is play, for he's official escort to Her Majesty, the Queen For A Day

out." And Queen Greta McDonald starts on her Day.

the glitter and the glamour and the bowing and scraping that makes my job so interesting. After five hundred or so evenings of this a man has to learn either to take it in his stride or drop dead from exhaustion. No—I like my job, but for an entirely different reason.

I meet the grandest people!

The Queens—God bless 'em!—are women at their very best. They come from all walks of life, from all parts of this country and the world, of every type and description. Yet I have never seen one of these daily contest winners who didn't (*Continued on page* 94)

Queen Doris Wingard wanted to dance, and found Harry an obliging and expert partner. Queen for a Day is heard Monday through Friday, 2 P.M., EST, over Mutual stations.

In Living Portraits

BACKSTAGE WIFE

What is it like to be the wife of a man who is the idol of a million other women?

1. MAUDE MARLOWE, well-known character actress, is a very good friend to Mary and Larry. She has a small apartment in New York, but spends much of her time at Rosehaven, Long Island, at the Nobles'. She is devoted to little Larry. (played by Ethel Wilson)

2. TOM BRYSON is Larry's personal manager and best friend of the Nobles. He has written two successful plays in which Larry has starred. Although Tom Bryson is still a bachelor, he is nevertheless extremely susceptible to the ladies. (played by Chuck Webster)

Backstage Wife, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Monday through Friday afternoons, from 4 to 4:15, EST, over National Broadcasting Company stations.

3. MARY NOBLE, little Iowa girl who married a matinee idol, is devoted to her husband and her little son. Mary keeps the homefires of the Noble household going, while Larry devotes most of his time to his theatrical life. Mary is not only a sweet, thoroughly understanding wife, but is a very attractive young woman as well. (played by Claire Niesen)

4. MARTY RUFUS is a well-known New York newspaper man, friend of Mary and Larry. Marty, who writes a successful gossip column, is the sophisticated man-about-town, who goes everywhere worth going and knows everyone worth knowing. If ever Larry needs publicity for himself or for a play in which he is appearing, he knows that he can always depend on Marty Rufus to do a very good job.
(played by George Petrie)

5. VI WATERS is in complete accord with her husband's ideas on how to earn a living —by his wits. And he does very well at it, too. Clint has been hanging around Larry, hoping that Larry's contacts might prove to be financially advantageous. Vi is antagonistic to Mary, and is always jealous of Mary's very evident charms and attractions.
(played by Joyce Hayward)

6. LARRY NOBLE is one of the most sought-after and admired actors in New York. The adulation of many women sometimes causes difficulties in the home life of Mary and Larry, although Mary understands the admiration that so many women have for her handsome husband. Mary and Larry live in Rosehaven, Long Island with their son, Larry, Jr., who is about five years old—a typical American boy of that age. He goes to public school in Rosehaven. His constant companion is a recently-acquired cocker spaniel puppy named Duke.

(Larry Noble is played by James Meighan)

There's a Wife for You!

A young romance. A college romance. Romance of Spring, of dancing under the stars. And it still is, after fifteen lovely years, "tops in the field"

By DAN SEYMOUR

People who follow patterns, Louise and Dan are still studying—with a pair of Ph.D.'s in mind!

I've read a lot of romances. I've seen a lot of romances, in the movies, on the stage. I've announced some radio romances on the air. I'm pretty sharp about romance—and I say that our romance was the tops in the field. A young romance. A college romance. A romance of long walks in the New England Spring and Autumn and Winter; of studying together; of rendezvous in little neighborhood teashops—yes, tops in romance. After fifteen years of marriage, I still say it . . .

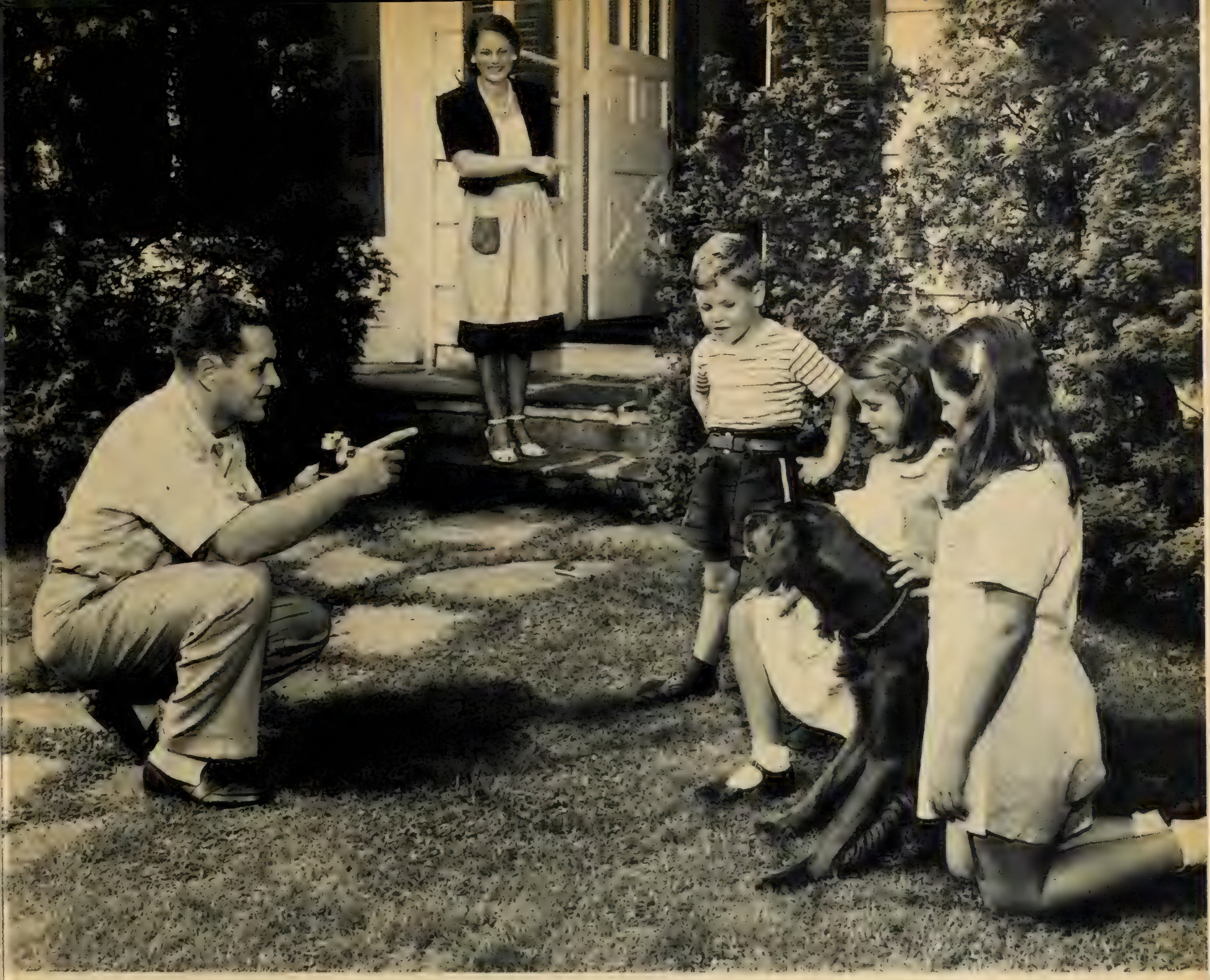
Actually, we met on the stage—the stage of the Amherst Dramatic Club when, in the Spring of 1933, we were presenting "Animal Kingdom". It's always a problem, at men's colleges, to get girls for the casts of the school plays. At Amherst, we used to draw some on Faculty. We also drew on girls from neighboring Mt. Holyoke and Smith colleges.

This particular year, it was Mt. Holyoke's turn to be drafted for the drama. And among the draftees was one Louise Scharff, who played the lead in "Animal Kingdom"—the part Ann Harding played, some of you may recall, in the movie version of same. *I* played the part of the butler and my acquaintance with the leading lady was merely, and actually, a nodding one.

Truth is, we made not the slightest impression on one another during that sketchy association. Far from being love at first sight, it wasn't even friendship at first sight—was just what I describe it as being—a casual, nodding "Hiya!" sort of acquaintance. We barely noticed each other, and that was that.

But come the following Spring, the Spring of '34, and the picture changes . . .

Let's go back (in, to me, a nostalgic retrospect) to the Spring of '34. It's Dance Weekend at Amherst and a friend of mine has tickets to the Prom. This friend knew Louise and when, at the last moment, the girl he'd invited to the Prom got sick and couldn't come, he invited Louise. I saw her on the dance floor, cut in—and I don't believe she saw the fellow who brought her again for the rest of the weekend, if ever. In short, I cut in—and it was love!



This is the house that's home—for Louise and Dan, for Nancy Louise, for Judith Ann and for Steve. And for an assortment of dogs (they love them!) and turtles, white mice, rabbits, goldfish, cats and some infant alligators.

Because, this time, in just about that split second of time it took me to cut in, I knew it was love. *Knew it.* And so, as it almost immediately developed, did she.

Funny thing, too—all my life I've detested freckles. Allergic to 'em. My mother used to chide me, in fact, for the "ungentlemanly" remarks I made (when in my teens) about girls who wore freckles. And my wife has more freckles than you could tot up on an adding machine; has a map full of freckles . . .

So, why did I fall in love with her? Hanged if I know. Perhaps because she was a brunette and I take, always have, to brunettes. Perhaps because, in an era when every girl had bobbed hair, Louise had long hair which she wore, in braids, around her head. Perhaps it was her friendliness, her warmth, her way of making a fellow feel immediately at ease, and at home . . .

If I had fallen in love with Louise twenty-five minutes after cutting in, I would say it was her interest in the theater that got me. As it is, I can't say that because I didn't know, in the moment of cutting in, that she had it. Certainly, her interest in acting (which was my interest) was a bond. What I wanted to be (still want to be!) was an actor. And here was a girl (with dark braids!) who perfectly understood my wanting to be an actor because she wanted to be an actress—and, therefore, spoke my language, shared my dream and whetted my ambition . . .

Perhaps it was because she was born in Detroit. Or because she loved children. And golf. And history . . . who knows? I don't.

I do know that, after that Dance Weekend, we were together every evening, every Saturday and Sunday—every hour, in fact, that we could squeeze out of classes.

Every night after six o'clock there was a mass exodus out of Amherst, to Mt. Holyoke and to Smith College. I was, unfailingly, one of the "exodus" to Mt. Holyoke. Mostly, we'd bum our way over—hitchhike. If there was a rainstorm, we were out of (*Continued on page* 81)

In the name of Love

Mary Foster, Editor's Daughter, helps a girl to learn that faith is the foundation, the very essence, of love—and uses the knowledge to reaffirm her own faith in Bill

By DAN SENSENEY

IT was Amelia Parrish Daggett who broke up the plans for the Winston-Thacker wedding. She broke them up quite innocently, since there were few things in this world Amelia loved better than a wedding, but she broke them up completely all the same.

Some people in Valley Springs maintained that Amelia was the town gossip. Henry Foster, publisher of the Valley Springs weekly newspaper, the *Sentinel,* didn't think that this estimate was entirely fair.

"Amelia," he said to his daughter Mary, "is a good reporter, that's all. I don't say that she wouldn't have ended up as the town gossip if she'd been left to herself, but since I've had her working for the paper, gathering and writing up the local items, she's learned to be a reporter instead."

Smiling, Mary said, "Excuse me, Dad, but I don't think I quite understand the difference."

"A gossip," Henry explained, "tells any piece of news she happens to collect to the next person she meets. A good reporter saves it for the paper. Why, Amelia's *afraid* to gossip, Mary—scared to death that if she does, everybody in town will know what's in the paper before it comes out." He tamped tobacco into his pipe with a blunt thumb. "Anybody's secret is safe with Amelia, at least until she sits down at that old typewriter of hers. And if it's a secret that shouldn't be told, I can always ask Tom to lose the story before he gets it set up in type," he said with a dry chuckle.

Mary remembered this conversation later, when they were all in the midst of Ellen Winston's broken romance with Vic Thacker. But the trouble there was that Amelia had blurted out a secret without realizing that it was one.

The engagement had already been announced and a date—the day before Thanksgiving—set for the wedding, when Amelia met Ellen Winston on the street and stopped to talk.

Henry Foster explains the difference between news and gossip, Amelia Parrish style, to his daughter Mary, in this new story written especially for Radio Mirror. In the picture, as on the air, Henry Foster is Parker Fennelly; Mary Foster is played by Kay Campbell. See the end of this story for stations on which Mary Foster, Editor's Daughter, can be heard.

"Lots o' shopping to do, Ellen?" she asked, and Ellen blushed a little and admitted that there was. "I know," Amelia went on sympathetically. "Before Tom and I were married, I just about ran my two feet off. The men, they just don't understand how a girl wants to have everything just so for her wedding, do they? Their only idea's to get it all over with, fast as they can!"

She bridled archly, indicating that Tom Daggett, the *Sentinel's* printer, had dragged her screaming to the altar by the hair. As most people in Valley Springs knew, this wasn't exactly the case; actually, Tom hadn't been really certain he wanted to get married at all, let alone to Amelia Parrish. But Ellen was much too polite, and too shy, to contradict Amelia.

"Now let's see," Amelia rattled on, producing a pencil and a scrap of paper. "Long as I've got you here, Ellen, I might's well get a story for the paper. Who are your bridesmaids going to be?"

"Well," Ellen said, "Wilma Kenyon's to be the maid of honor, and—"

"Wilma Kenyon?" Amelia's eyes, sharp as a sparrow's, left her notes and peered into Ellen's face. "But I thought she was down to Boston visiting her aunt? Thought she left yesterday?"

"She did," Ellen explained, "but she'll be back in time for the wedding. Then there's Dorothy Jackson, and Marian Sturges . . ."

Amelia jotted down the names. A big wedding, she said to herself with satisfaction. And she was glad. Ellen Winston, though she was something on the plain side, was one of the nicest girls in Valley Springs. Victor Thacker was quite a catch for her, because besides being so good-looking—rather like Tyrone Power, in Amelia's opinion—he was a smart young lawyer, and folks said he had a big career ahead of him. What if he had been a little wild and flighty, taking out first one girl and then another? A young fellow had to look around before he made up his mind to settle down.

"Do you know yet where you're going to live?" she asked Ellen.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Pumpkin, Mince or Butterscotch, done up in tenderly perfect pastry, will end any meal on a note of delight for eye and appetite.

PIE is perfect

WHAT became of this summer I really don't know. It can't have been more than last week when I was telling you about cooling recipes—yet here it is nearly Thanksgiving. Maybe the little man from Mars that we're always hearing about flew down and took a tuck in my calendar. If he did, it's all right with me, for Thanksgiving is one of my favorite holidays, and so this month's recipes are favorites of mine too. They are pies, because I can't imagine Thanksgiving without pies, but the thank-making part about them is that they are good year round recipes for holidays and every day.

Since you can't have good pie without good pastry, we'll start with pastry directions which will insure success for you.

Radio Mirror for Better Living

Pastry

2¼ cups sifted enriched flour
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup shortening, divided
5 to 7 tablespoons ice water

Mix and sift dry ingredients. With a pastry blender or two knives cut in ½ the shortening to the consistency of cornmeal. Cut in remaining shortening so that lumps are the size of large peas. Sprinkle water a tablespoonful at a time over mixture. Work lightly and quickly with a fork until mixture forms a mass that will leave the bowl clean. Turn out on waxed paper and form into a ball. Wrap with waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator for ½ hour, or until needed. This will make enough pastry for 2 1-crust pies or shells, or 1 2-crust pie.

For 1-crust pie or shell: Roll out half the dough on a lightly floured board ⅛-inch thick, or until it is 1-inch larger than the pie plate. Fold in half and fit into pie plate, letting it fall naturally so as not to stretch it. Cut edge with scissors, leaving 1-inch overhanging border. Fold border under between pastry and rim of pie plate, making an upright edge. Flute the double fold of pastry by placing forefinger of right hand against outside pastry rim, and pinching inside of pastry at this point with tip of left thumb and forefinger. Repeat pinching at about ½-inch intervals until rim is fluted. If recipe calls for an unbaked pie shell, this is ready to be filled. *For a baked shell,* prick the entire surface of the pastry with a fork to remove air bubbles. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes or until light brown.

Pumpkin Pie

2 cups steamed, strained pumpkin
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon cloves
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups milk
1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

Mix all ingredients, except pastry, in order given. Pour into pastry shell. To fill without spilling, place pastry shell on oven rack in the oven, and then pour in filling. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking 25 to 30 minutes, or until a knife comes out clean. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Lattice Top Mince Pie

1 recipe Pastry (see above)
3 cups prepared mince meat

Line a 9-inch pie dish with ⅔'s of the pastry. Fill with prepared mince meat. (If you are using commercial mince meat, follow directions given on package for addition of liquid.) Roll out remaining pastry and with a sharp knife cut in ½-inch strips. Lay 4 or 5 strips parallel to each other and about 1-inch apart across the top of pie. Arrange same number of strips at right angles to the first layer. Trim edges of strips, press into lower pastry and flute. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.)

(*Continued on page* 106)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System

Modern in design and in material are the colored plastic dishes with which Vivian Smolen sets her luncheon table.

Lasting LOVELINESS

VIVIAN SMOLEN, star of CBS's Our Gal Sunday, and her mother live on Long Island, which means that Vivian is one of that great army of people who commute daily to the city. But she doesn't allow the consequent shortage of time at home to interfere with leisurely, attractively-served meals—particularly since "The superlative food Mother provides deserves a lovely setting."

A modern to her fingertips, Vivian follows the modern trend for simplicity in her table appointments, thereby achieving results that are as refreshing as Sunday herself and at the same time as dignified as anything Lord Henry could wish for. As new as tomorrow is her plastic tableware, lighter in weight than china, yet so sturdy that dropping it—even throwing it—on the floor will not damage it.

No matter how well chosen and shining your tableware is it will not show up to proper advantage if there is too much of it, Vivian points out, so her number one rule for an inviting table is to make sure that it is not crowded.

"By all means use flowers and candles whenever you can," Vivian suggests. "And give thought, too, to the texture and color of linens. They can make or destroy the picture you're trying to create." The cloth and napkins pictured are blue linen, the exact shade of the plastic ware, banded with white. White, too, are candles and flowers.

Tractor, jeep are accessories to Julie Stevens' "package house".

Furniture designed, built by Charles.

Five-foot kitchen for bad weather.

Ready-Made ROOFTREE

WHEN Julie Stevens, who is CBS's Helen Trent, is in the city she wants to be right in the middle of it and feel herself a part of it. Hence the Underhill apartment —Julie is Mrs. Charles Underhill in private life—is in mid-town, within easy walking distance of broadcasting studios and theaters. But real living, to the Underhills, means more than a city apartment, so shortly after their marriage they began to look for a place in the country. They found it in Westchester County, remote enough to give them the quiet and seclusion they wanted, yet near enough for easy commuting.

"It was a wilderness, all fourteen acres of it," Julie says, "but there was a big pond at the foot of a little hill and we fell in love with it the moment we saw it, so we bought it."

Building was out of the question. Even if they could have bought materials they couldn't have found men to clear the site. They hurdled obstacles by deciding to get a pre-fabricated house and to do the necessary clearing themselves.

"The perfect spot for the house was on top of the hill," Julie continued, "and of course that made the job a little harder, for we didn't have the (*Continued on page* 105)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	NBC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Voices Down the Wind News Highlights Solitaire Time	Arthur Van Horn Dixie Four Quartet Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia World Security	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Mutual Music Show	Sam Pettengill Raymond Swing Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill James Melton Frank Black	Family Doctor Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	Lee Sweetland Sunday Vespers	Weekly News and Quiz Bob Reid Sings "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Reunion Count of Monte Cristo	Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson This Week Around The World	CBS Symphony Orchestra
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Dave Carroway Show	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Old New York	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	Under Arrest The Abbott Mysteries	Adventures of Bill Lance David Harding	The Family Hour Jean Sablon Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Adventures of Ellery Queen	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Percy Faith
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Mysterious Show Gabriel Heatter Show	These Sensational Years	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Voices of Strings	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Jim Backus Show	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Big Break Eddie Dowling	Quiet Please The Edmund Hockridge Show	Jimmie Fidler	Point Sublime

Laurette Fillbrandt

—young NBC actress on such daytime serials as Today's Children and Women in White, is a director's favorite because of intelligent dramatic interpretations.

Win Elliot

—has risen in the past ten years from a private in the ranks of radio to a four-star featured performer with an income of around $75,000 a year. Featured with Betty Crocker and on the Willie Piper and County Fair programs, he is also m.c. for Quick as a Flash. Audience participapation programs are his favorites as he has an unusual talent for ad libbing and puncture-proof aplomb.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Merv Griffin	Baukhage, News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	Eddy Duchin Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Scotland Yard Charlie Chan	Paul Whiteman Bobby Doyle Show Phil Silvers	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Did Justice Triumph	Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Doctors Talk It Over Buddy Weed Trio	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk Show

Marie Wilson

—is heard on CBS, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., EST, as My Friend Irma, the kindest, sweetest, dumbest blonde ever to wander across the airwaves. Marie left Anaheim, Calif., for Hollywood when she was fifteen, to become a dramatic actress. Fate handed her a comedy part in "Miss Pacific Fleet" and she has played sad-eyed lovable nitwits ever since, on the screen, and now on the air.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	News			Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00		Cecil Brown	My True Story	Look Your Best
10:15	Once Upon Our Time	Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Emily Post Quiz	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Service Bands		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Art Van Damme	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15	Quartet	Red Hook, 31	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley			The Guiding Light
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White			Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Song of the Stranger	Paul Whiteman Club	Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show		
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Two Ton Baker	Toby Reed Stories	Give and Take
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Quaker City Serenade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Melody Theater	Terry and Pirates	House Party
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Adventure Parade	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Hop Harrigan	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30		Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Sunoco News			Richard C. Hottelet
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orch.	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Manor House Party	Arthur Hale	Green Hornet Drama	Bob Crosby Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Bob Trout
8:00	Milton Berle	Warren's Crime Cases	Honey Dreamers	Big Town
8:15		Official Detective	Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	A Date With Judy	Adventures of the Falcon	America's Town	Mr. & Mrs. North
8:45				
9:00	Amos 'n' Andy	Gabriel Heatter		We, The People
9:15		Real Stories	Boston Symphony	
9:30	Fibber McGee and	American Forum		Studio One
9:45	Molly			
10:00	Bob Hope			
10:15		Scout About Town		
10:30	Red Skelton	California Melodies		Local Programs

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon In N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00		Cecil Brown	My True Story	Look Your Best
10:15	Once Upon Our Time	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Emily Post Quiz	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Service Bands		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	NBC Concert Orch.	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Red Hook, 31	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley			The Guiding Light
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White			Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	The Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double Or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Song of the Stranger	Paul Whiteman Club	Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show		
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Two Ton Baker	Eddy Duchin	Give and Take
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Quaker City Serenade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Melody Theater	Terry and Pirates	House Party
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Adventure Parade	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Hop Harrigan	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			Talks
6:30		Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Sunoco News			Richard C. Hottelet
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Manor House Party	Leland Stowe	Lone Ranger	Bob Crosby Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Bob Trout
8:00	Dennis Day	Crime Club	Mayor of The Town	American Melody Hour
8:15				
8:30	The Great Gildersleeve	Johnny Madero	Vox Pop	Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Abbott and Costello	Rhapsody in Rhythm
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	What's the Name of That Song	Jack Parr	Ford Showroom with Meredith Wilson
9:45				
10:00	The Big Story	Shadows of the Mind	Bing Crosby	The Whistler
10:15				
10:30	Jimmy Durante	Latin American Serenade	Henry Morgan	Doorway to Life

Jay Jostyn

—well past his seven-year mark as Mr. District Attorney, has become a symbol to all Americans whose dream it is to bust rackets. It was while he was a youngster on tour with the Oscar O'Shea Stock Company that a Los Angeles studio executive persuaded him to do a radio show. His network assignments once piled up to a high of 36 script shows—and 48 characters—in one week.

THURSDAY

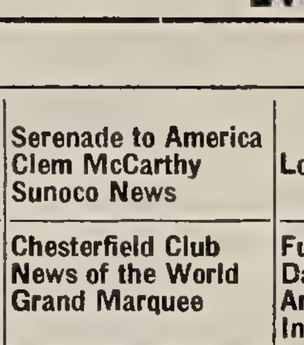
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	 Once Upon Our Time Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	 Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	 Song of the Stranger Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	 Toby Reed Stories Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	 Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Challenge of The Yukon	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Let's Go to the Movies Scarlet Queen	Treasury Agent Erwin D. Canham The Clock	Suspense Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Jack Carson and Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Mutual Block Party	Willie Piper Darts for Dough	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hawk Show Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre	Mr. President Ralph Norman	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X



Martha Rountree

—producer, began her career in a newspaper office, went on to script writing, talent casting, supervision of engineers and studio direction. Armed with sound technical knowledge of radio, she took an idea for a program to Phil Carlin of Mutual in the spring of 1946. He gave her the green light and the result was Leave It to the Girls, heard over MBS, Saturdays at 9:30 P.M., EST. Meet the Press is also hers.

Harry McNaughton

—brought his white carnation and British accent to radio in 1933, also his "I Have a Poem" routine, which is now such an important part of It Pays to Be Ignorant, Fridays at 10 PM., EST, over CBS. When Harry got out of the British Army after World War I he came to the United States to tour in "The Better Ole" for two years; later he was in the Winter Garden and on the road with DeWolf Hopper.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	 Once Upon Our Time Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	 Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr This Week in History	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	 Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	 Eddy Duchin Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From The United Nations Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Can You Top This	Burl Ives Holly House Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Arthur's Place FBI In Peace and War
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theater Sports	Meet The Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant Eileen Farrell, Soprano

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Al Pearce and His Gang	CBS Morning News
9:15				Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Coffee With Congress	Robert Hurleigh		
9:45	Bill Herson	Bobby Norris		The Garden Gate
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Bill Harrington	Wake Up and Smile	Barnyard Follies
10:15				Lee Adams
10:30	Archie Andrews	Shady Valley Folk		Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Pauline Alpert	Piano Playhouse	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Junior Junction	Adventurer's Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Pan Americana	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	This Week in Washington	Nat'l Association of Evangelicals	
12:30	Home is what you	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45	Make It			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Luncheon at Sardi's		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veterans' Aid	Bands For Bonds	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Harlem Hospitality Club	Football Games	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Baxters	This Is Jazz		Country Journal
2:45	Camp Meetin' Choir			
3:00		Barry Grey Show		Treasury Bandstand
3:15				
3:30	Your Hosts Buffalo	Sports Parade		The Seth Greiner Show
3:45				
4:00		Horse Races		Horse Racing
4:15		Dance Orchestra		Joey Kerns Orch.
4:30	Musicana	Dance Orchestra		Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Edward Tomlinson	Dance Orch.	After the Game	Cross Section U. S. A.
5:15	Three Suns Shine			
5:30	Tormé Time	Dance Orchestra		Saturday at the Chase
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the	Dance Orch.	Vagabonds' Quartet	Bill Shadell
6:15	Rockies		Betty Russell	Word From the Country
6:30	NBC Symphony	Cecil Brown	Harry Wismer	Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Earl Godwin	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Quisdom Class	Hawk Larabee
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	Museum of Modern	Sound Off
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia	Music	
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	I Deal in Crime	First Nighter
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	The Better Half	Famous Jury Trials	Sweeney and March
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Listen Carefully	Gangbusters	The Bill Goodwin Show
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	High Adventure	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Vaughn Monroe
10:00	Kay Kyser	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	Saturday Night Serenade
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	Abe Burrows

Henry Blair

—may be "Skipper" to One Man's Family listeners when that show is aired on Sundays at 3:30 P. M., EST, but at heart he's a cowboy, the owner of a fine horse and commander of the neighborhood's mounted troops. His parents have been wise enough to buy a small ranch about 20 miles from Hollywood so that the young actor may have a completely normal and hilarious boyhood when he is off-mike.

OFF THE AIR

EVERYBODY has to start someplace, but did you know that music's most famous drummer, Gene Krupa, started out as a soda jerker? He was only in his teens and was dishing out the sodas and sundaes at a summer resort. One night the regular drummer with the band got sick and Krupa begged for a chance to fill in for him. The other musicians liked his style and when the regular drummer was better, the two switched jobs. Krupa went behind the bass drum—and the drummer went behind the soda fountain.

* * *

We hear that cosmetic sponsors are bowing out of radio. Reason—the unsteady market.

* * *

By now the records should be on the market. Burl Ives and the Andrews Sisters have teamed up to make a platter of "Blue Tail Fly" in rhythm tempo. Burl, of course, is the lad who made the tune one of the most popular folk tunes in the country.

* * *

Frank Sinatra wasn't supposed to sing in the film "Miracle of the Bells." It was to be a special venture for Frankie and he still plans to give the money he makes from it to fight intolerance. But the studio heads changed their minds about his singing. When you see it, Frankie will be singing one number.

* * *

You'd think that a couple of rating outfits like Crosley and Hooper would be enough to cover the whole of radio. But gossip has it that George Gallup, of Gallup Poll fame, is going to start a radio rating agency. Wonder whether he'll use the telephone, like Hooper, or whether he'll stick to his well established technique of door-to-door canvassers?

* * *

Murray Burnett, who scripts and directs True Detective Mysteries, says that his stories point up the moral that the criminal, no matter how clever, is always nabbed. But, despite this warning note to the underworld personalities, Burnett says he's heard that the boys who live in the shadow of the law look on his program as "Who's Who."

* * *

Golf games have been kicked around so much by radio stars as gags that it's pleasant to hear that Jim Backus plays a game of golf that will never make him the butt of anyone's jokes—on the radio or anywhere else. Jim's one of the best golfers in radio. He shoots in the low 70's and, if he gets tired of making like a comic and writing his own scripts, he can always make a nice dollar as a golf pro.

* * *

Have you been listening to the Candid Microphone show on Sundays at seven over WJZ-ABC? Listen. For our money, it's one of the most grown-up comedy shows we've ever heard. It's really funny because it's involved with real people, real everyday people who unwittingly are placed for a few moments in strange situations. Their responses are hilarious as well as surprising. And what a relief it is to listen to a show that wasn't sweated out through a week of story conferences by a group of gag-weary gag writers.

* * *

Pretty soon, now, some lucky Boy Scout in the country will be setting out on a round the world flight with Bill Odom. The lucky boy is being chosen from among the listeners to the Hop Harrigan program. Odom, who piloted pen manufacturer Milton Reynolds in an A-26 recently around the world, will circle the globe on this November flight by way of the North and South Poles.

* * *

Jan August, lightning-fingered piano magician, is being ribbed by his friends and called, in jest, "The Sandman." It seems that Jan, whose particular brand of music is excellent around dinner time, has been getting lots of letters from grateful mothers, who claim that his restful tunes have served to calm down their pepped up youngsters so much that getting to bed is now a swift and easy task.

WTIC'S DOWN HOMERS

The Down Homers: Slim Coxx, Guy Campbell, Shorty Cook, Rusty Rogers and Rocky Coxx, with closeups of Guy and Shorty, who boss the outfit.

"PLEASE send a picture of the Down Homers?" Ten thousand requests (9,990 to be exact) like that were received in a single month recently by Guy Campbell and Everett "Shorty" Cook, co-bosses of WTIC's cowboy quintet, and the requests came in response to an announcement made only between 5:30 and 6:00 o'clock each morning over WTIC and the New England Regional Network. "Such popularity must be deserved," you tell the boys, but they just grin modestly and reply, "It's all on account of our purty outfits."

Blond-haired Shorty Cook, of German-Irish descent, hails from the Hoosier state, the offspring of parents who were talented musicians. His mother was a pianist and his father a cellist, but Shorty, always a rugged individualist, started his professional career in minstrel shows. His versatility, however, has proven that you just can't keep a good musical inheritance down. He plays either Spanish or Hawaiian guitar, sings lead tenor or baritone, calls the figures for square dances, and is a prolific composer of hillbilly, cowboy and Hawaiian numbers.

Guy Campbell, tall, dark, et cetera, the son of a full-blooded Cherokee Indian mother and English father, was born in the Blue Hills of Virginia. It wasn't Horace Greeley who influenced his migration westward, but rather the decision of his parents to settle in Oklahoma. Therefore, unlike many cowboys of the modern singing variety, Guy actually spent most of his days on the prairie. His father was also a musician, playing the violin as an avocation with a preference for the classics. So Guy's early musical background stands him in good stead too. He plays sweet fiddle, hot guitar and bass, sings of course, and spends his spare time composing and arranging.

The other members of the quintet are Rusty Rogers and Slim and Rocky Coxx. Rusty, also of English ancestry, is a handsome, mustachioed Missourian who plays a mean guitar and emits fancy yodels. Brothers Slim and Rocky, of French extraction, and known as the boys of no bad habits, are Vermonters, born down in Maine. Six-footer Slim is one of the best fiddlers in the business. He performs all kinds of outlandish tricks with the fiddle in hoe-down tunes and plays swing or the light classics with equal facility. He also doubles on the banjo. Rocky plays the guitar, but his real forte is a good, solid bass, the like of which one seldom hears.

The Down Homers are responsible for almost two hundred original compositions, most of which are published and at least seventy-five transcribed for radio use. In addition they have made a hundred and forty-four transcriptions of stock numbers.

They are heard daily at 9:45 A.M. over WTIC and the New England Regional Network, including WBZ, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WCSH, Portland; WLBZ, Bangor, and WRDO, Augusta.

10,000 Times More Beautiful Than Lipstick!

THIS WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO COLOR LIPS

Not Greasy—Not Dry

Nothing on Your Lips at All But

Lovely, Smooth Color

SOMETHING very different and heavenly has been created! A completely new, much more attractive kind of beauty for your lips—beauty so exquisite, so perfect, there has never been anything like it and you'll never again be content with anything less eye-catching, less flattering. I have worked seven long years to perfect my LIPCOLOR principle of lip make-up. Now it is ready for you to enjoy.

So Very Different from 'Lipstick'

It looks like lipstick and you apply it like lipstick, but oh! how beautifully different it is! Imagine! With my LIPCOLORS your lips will no longer wear a thick, pasty coating. They will wear *nothing but* concentrated color that stays and stays and STAYS, never piling up, never caking—never, never, *NEVER deserting your lips in patches.* Just sheer, flattering beauty, and every minute of every hour—right thru cocktails—right thru dinner—your lips will look and feel very well dressed, and much softer, much smoother than ever before!

How to Discover Your Most Flattering Lipcolor

I have fashioned my 'LIPCOLORS' in seven really breath-taking shades. Read about them here, then ask to see the Lady Esther Lipcolor card at your favorite department or drug store. This card shows exactly how each Lady Esther Lipcolor will look on your own lips.

$1
TAX EXTRA

Rawlings

Lipcolors *by Lady Esther*

lovelier, by far, than lipstick

There are Seven Heavenly LIPCOLORS . . . **STARDUST**—*For night only—startlingly beautiful on anyone under electric light...* **REDDER THAN**—*So clear, so very red! Oh, so provocative...* **STAR RUBY**—*An exquisite gem ruby hue sprinkled with the blue from sapphires . . .* **CRIMSON BRONZE**—*A quietly racey brown red that sings clearly but softly . . .* **BRIDAL PINK**—*The freshest, rosiest pink ever...* **MOONDUST**—*A soft fuchsia that gathers golden glamour under nighttime lights...* **COY SIREN**—*An audacious scarlet—with a disarming aire.*

©1947, Lady Esther

Both are lovely on the table...
can you tell which set costs the most?

OF COURSE you like fresh, colorful Place Mats for your table! But don't think that such sets must be expensive. The blue set, as illustrated above, cost $17.50 . . . the yellow cost $34.50. Yet, because they were both *luxury starched* with LINIT*, they look equally smart and inviting.

You'll like LINIT, the superior starch that makes cotton look and feel like linen. Use LINIT for *all* washables . . . easy directions are on every package.

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

Shining Knight

(*Continued from page* 35)

grew so jealous of music, the demanding career with which he competed for his mother's time and affection, that he refused to allow her to play the radio in the house. He grew morose if Evelyn so much as hummed a tune in his presence.

Andy and the doctors ganged up at this point and Evelyn cut out part of the schedule. Short wave, theatres and transcriptions were out. (But she was scooped up immediately for guest shots with the Theatre of Romance, Paul Whiteman, and Ed Wynn.) Andy did have his mama at supper and story time and he stopped hating music. Mama started liking it better herself.

Now that she is living the leisurely life in California she finds singing is fun once more. Life is worth living again—that's what she says the change really amounts to.

She giggles recalling the enthusiasm with which—last March—she turned Californian. For her four years in New York she had lived in evening clothes, dinner dresses, dressmaker suits. The first day in Hollywood she took a cab to Magnin's and bought a supply of sports skirts and blouses, striped blazers, slacks and shorts, and bathing suits, flat shoes and shoulder-strap bags. They're as much a California "uniform" as the glamorous evening gowns were standard in her New York circles.

SHE wangled a priority for a new car, a sleek black Buick convertible.

She drove it home, parked it in front of the house. Andy and the family and the neighbors converged at the curbing to admire it.

"Boy," Andy said, "no roof."

The car stayed sleek for about twenty-four hours. Now it is so full of wet bathing suits, plus sand and salt water, fresh vegetables from the Farmer's Market, fruit by the lug from the San Fernando valley, and Andy's kites and beach equipment that it might as well be a station wagon. Or a truck. But Evelyn loves it.

The silliest thing she did, she says, was to buy a complete set of golf clubs. She doesn't know how to play the game.

"I wouldn't walk a block in the city if I could ride, but I thought I really *should* do something athletic," she says. The clubs thus far are unused. Evelyn swears she hasn't been able to find an instructor.

She is living in a hotel now, but for the summer months—when Andy, now in school in the East, and Evelyn's mother and sister were on the Coast—she rented a small California furnished house.

The house reflected little more of Evelyn's personality than a standard hotel room—but there was room to spread out.

She added little "Knight touches." A red, blue and yellow radio was tied over her pillow on the bed. It stayed there, defying the laws of gravity. Evelyn continued to "live" out of her wardrobe trunk—it was easier than transferring things to drawers. Besides all the closets were full of the new sports clothes.

The letters of the musical notes were penciled on the piano keys for the sake of six-year-old Andy, who was taking his first lessons.

Andy plastered little gold stickers—

supplied by a fan named Knight who makes a hobby of them—in appropriate places: Knight Bell, Knight Club, Knight Heir, Knight Shift. But you get the idea.

Formal rooms in the front of the house echoed empty and deserted, while a tiny but cheerful sun room at the back became a jungle of press clippings, fan mail, and Andy's toys. A permanent card table displayed the always half-finished checker game.

"Honey," says Andy, using his mother's family nickname, "plays a mean game of checkers."

For the demure little California bungalow, it can be imagined, it was quite a summer.

Evelyn, who insists that she hates entertaining and being entertained, nevertheless found a hundred reasons for impromptu barbecue parties and buffet suppers.

The family's "private chapter of Kappa Sig," four friends of Evelyn's and her sister June's from Washington took their summer's stay in California as an opportunity to repay Evelyn for her help with fraternity functions during the college year.

THEY would turn up at the house regularly with bundles of food, shoo the family out of the kitchen and two hours later invite everyone to dine royally on two inch charcoal broiled steaks, corn roasted in the husk, masterful salads and ice cream.

The volunteer chefs' services were appreciated particularly by Evelyn's mother, who has had her family's gargantuan appetites to worry about for more Thanksgivings and Christmases, and other "special" days than she can remember. She didn't come all the way to California to cook, she announced early in her visit. She came to *see* all the radio shows she listens to regularly, particularly Tom Breneman's Breakfast Club. Which was all right with Evelyn until she found out that she, too, was expected to bounce out of bed at six a.m. and put on her silliest hat to accompany her energetic mama to the broadcast.

June also laid down a no-cooking ultimatum. June is in her third year at Mary Washington college, where she is majoring in dietetics.

"You've heard of Oscar of the Waldorf," she says. "Well, I'm going to be June of the Statler. Until then I'm strictly a non-professional."

Honey herself is a wonderful cook, and—luckily—likes it.

She decided to go back to hotel life again not to escape the hot stove, but because, as she puts it, she is "real estate wacky."

She owns a beautiful early American home in Arlington, Virginia, just a quarter of a mile from the Potomac, which she bought just before her overnight triumph in New York. She is too much in love with the place—with its red brick and white siding exterior, and the combination of antiques with modern upholstered pieces with which she had just completely furnished it before her work dragged her away from Washington—to consider selling it. Besides it is too much trouble. She commuted to New York four times the first month she was in California to dispose of her New York apartment, transfer the lease and store the furniture. She figures that by the time she had managed the same fate for the Arlington house she would be an old lady and ready to retire to her estates.

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Heads Up!

By
Mary Jane Fulton

Portrait from an album—a very new album—is Maggi McNellis with her shoulder-length hair piled high for formal dazzle. Jeweled pins in the right places give the soft upsweep security and sparkle.

For most important daytime dates, style-setting Maggi balances a side-swept coiffure with a huge beret.

USE YOUR head as part of the new fashion picture. John Hall, noted New York hairstylist, has introduced many coiffure "firsts." Hair lengths from three to seven inches, he says, are most adaptable to new day and evening styles. But without sacrificing a shoulder length bob, he claims, you can wear hair in several ways.

Maggi McNellis, one of John's customers, has been voted radio's best-dressed woman. Recently, as her guest on the Luncheon with Maggi and Herb program, he discussed his theory with her, and later demonstrated it.

For formal evening wear, John arranged her lustrous locks in a sleeker, softer version of the updo. From the merest suggestion of a temple part, he swept her hair smoothly up, crossed it in back, piled the curled ends on top, and dotted her coiffure with jeweled pins.

To go with her huge, side-swooping velvet beret, he swirled her hair to one side and over her ear in full curls—clearing her neck. This one-sided hairdo is high fashion. But for daytime casual wear, Maggi likes her hair brushed loosely, with the ends slightly curled.

One of these coiffures should become you. Combs, bobby pins, hair pins, or fancy hair clips will help to anchor it securely. Hair lacquer will keep stray ends smoothly in place. But unless you keep your hair clean and free from dandruff, and it is permanent-waved to give it body, it won't be a complete success. Hair rinses are nice to use to bring out natural highlights, or to tint. When using one, be sure to follow directions carefully.

At Maggi's Latin Quarter luncheon program, hairstylist John Hall describes the newest trends in hair fashion.

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R M

(*Continued from page 67*) As for the inconveniences of living in a hotel, Honey just shuts her eyes to them. Possible for a girl who says she had a "nice, quiet time" in her New York apartment. The apartment was at 52nd and Park, just across the street from CBS and chaos. But Evelyn says she just shut off the buzzer and the phone bell, after the doctors clamped down on her activities, and took it easy.

After a few months of "the first normal living in ten years," Evelyn is beginning to want to stay up after dark occasionally again.

The swimming, sight-seeing, and kite-flying of the summer months made for an early-to-bed schedule but now the invitations from her coterie of "nice, tall guys"—Evelyn is five feet eight in her stocking feet—are beginning to seem attractive. She loves to dance, and is a beautiful dancer, and the supply of tall men apparently is limitless.

"But nobody special," Evelyn insists. "I'm a fickle girl."

For a girl who has been swamped with personal publicity since her fame first swept New York, Evelyn has been able remarkably to soft-pedal newspaper chatter about her romances.

Everyone knows that her five-year marriage to Andy Knight, picture editor of the Washington Times Herald ended in divorce when young Andy was one. What plans she has for a second try have been strictly her secret.

Her "partnership" with her little son is unique in many ways. Andy knows that anything Honey has is half his. This goes for the "best" thing she has, the roof-less Buick. Andy took his half-ownership of the car very seriously from the start, demanded a monogram on "his side."

Evelyn complied, but Andy wasn't satisfied. The intertwined initials were very pretty, but you couldn't see 'em. His mother thinks he had envisioned something like the lettering on a butcher-shop truck.

During the school term, when Andy attends Oakley Hall in Morristown, New Jersey, Evelyn talks to him every Sunday night by long distance phone.

"I have a knot on my head," he reported a few weeks ago, "*This* big."

"However did you get that?" his mother asked.

"I guess the other kids were mad because I'm in the third grade," he said. Not a mean accomplishment for a boy who just turned seven in October. The grade, that is, not the knot.

Evelyn says she misses Andy terribly when they are apart. She comes in from a sweltering California sun to hear his reports of sliding on his new sled—"big enough for both of us"—and gets positively homesick.

She cheers up, though, at rehearsals when the musicians whistle at her approach and Victor Young snatches her up in his arms for her weekly kiss, reward for "Singing like an angel."

Professionally, although she considers herself still on vacation, Evelyn's stock continues to climb. Her first album of records, "The Lass With the Delicate Air" is selling spectacularly, as are all of her new record releases.

New York night clubs are hammering at her to come on home, all is forgiven—but Evelyn remembers the collapsed lung and so far has held off. She's had enough of working double and triple shifts. It's completely foreign, she says, to a girl who was born in Reedville, Virginia.

Evelyn first sang professionally when she was fifteen, and traveling through the south with her mother and stepfather. A band leader she met—he was "smitten," June explains—gave her her first chance as a singer, and she clicked.

Back in Washington she won a contest for a night club engagement, but was disappointed when she found out that she was too young to accept the prize.

Defiant, she went across town to Radio Station WRC.

"I am a singer," she told the manager, "and I'm good. I want a job."

Much to her amazement, she got it.

The year she was eighteen—old enough to sing in a club—she was signed for a two-week engagement in the King Cole Room. She left after five years! And she kept up the radio work the whole time.

It is not surprising now that she is unimpressed with proximity of the movie business—with its enticements for women with her beauty and talent. "Movies are too much like work."

No more nervous breakdowns for this lazy girl. She's found out that a working girl can have fun.

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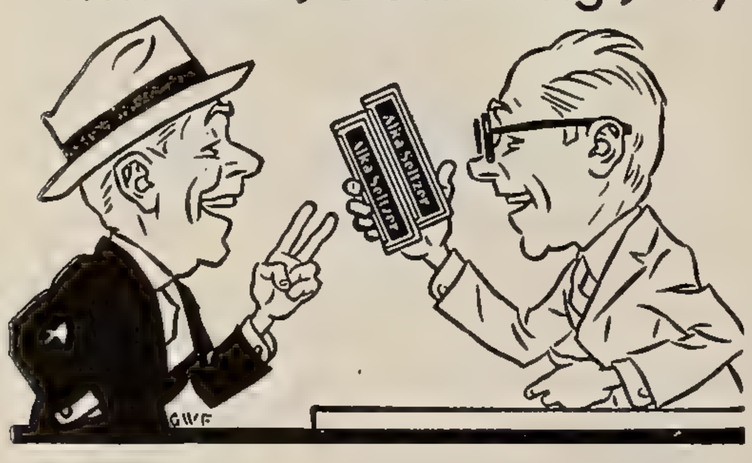

So many times . . . so many ways
your family will need Alka-Seltzer!
So here's the wisest thing to do:
Instead of buying *one*, buy *two*.

R
M

Alka-Seltzer

In the Name of Love

(*Continued from page 55*)

The girl's face—it had been almost pretty, all filled with animation and excitement—turned sober. "We'll have to stay with Vic's parents for awhile, anyway," she said. "We've looked and looked, and we can't find a house either here or in Tilton."

Amelia clucked sympathy. "I suppose that's where you and Vic were going the other night," she said. "To Tilton, I mean, to look for a house."

"The other night? Why, no," Ellen said blankly. "We haven't been to Tilton for more than a week. Did you think you saw us?"

"I did see you," Amelia answered firmly. "Now, let me think back—yes, it was Tuesday, and Tom and I were driving to Tilton to the movies. We were just at that gasoline station outside Tilton when you and Vic passed us. I recognized Vic's car—he's the only one around here that's got a new roadster that shade of green—and I rec'lect saying to Tom, 'There go Vic Thacker and Ellen Winston,' and I waved, but I guess you didn't see us because neither you nor Vic turned around—"

She stopped suddenly, halted by the stricken look on Ellen's face.

"You must have been mistaken," Ellen said in a queer soft voice. "I didn't even see Vic Tuesday night. He—he called up and said he had to—work."

"Oh," Amelia said, and for a moment couldn't say anything more. "Well, I *thought* it was Vic and you," she stammered finally. "But I s'pose I mistook somebody else—that is— Mercy, it's late! I've got to be running along."

After Amelia had beaten a worried, ignominious retreat, Ellen walked slowly home—a tall, sweet-faced girl with sensitive lips and grave eyes.

She knew she wasn't pretty. She had always known it, ever since she was old enough to know anything at all. She wasn't pretty, and she was painfully shy and uncertain of herself. A year earlier, when Vic Thacker first began to take her out, she hadn't been able to believe that he was really interested in her. But he asked her for one date after another, and slowly a strange thing happened. She discovered that whenever she was with Vic they had such a good time together that she forgot about her plain face and her shyness. She was just happy.

One night the miracle happened. He leaned toward her, whispering, "Ellen—you're beautiful. I'm in love with you." She had been afraid to believe him, but later when she got home she looked in her mirror and was almost persuaded that what he'd said was true. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining, her brown hair soft and flattering against her cheeks. She had stared into the mirror for a long time, and at last she'd said, "I don't care whether I'm pretty or not. If Vic thinks I am, that's good enough."

And it had been good enough, ever since—until this moment. If he had lied to her, if he had gone to Tilton with another girl, it must mean that he was beginning to be sorry he'd asked her to marry him. At the thought, she felt ill and faint. But she had to know. She had to find out.

That evening when Vic came to see her, she forced herself to be bright and casual and unconcerned as long as her parents were with them. But she wasn't skillful at pretending, and by the time Mr. and Mrs. Winston tactfully went upstairs she could tell that Vic knew something was wrong. His gray, deep-set eyes were troubled, and as he drew her close to him on the sofa he said, "Tired, Ellie?"

"No. Not particularly." An impulse to forget what Amelia had said swept over her. It would be so pleasant to forget, to persuade herself that Amelia had seen some other green car, some other couple.

"You're so quiet," Vic said. "As if you had something on your mind."

Ellen shivered. It was the wrong thing for him to say—it sounded as if he had something on his conscience.

"I have," she said, and turned her head so she could watch his face. "Vic, you told me you had to work last Tuesday night, didn't you?"

"Tuesday?" He wrinkled his forehead. "Oh yes . . . Yes, I did." But already he was on his guard—or did she just imagine that he was?

"Somebody saw you driving to Tilton that night. With—with a girl. They thought the girl was me."

Vic sat without moving, his arm still around her shoulders. And watching his face didn't tell her anything, because it stayed unchanged.

"Vic—" she said, when he did not answer. "I'm waiting for you to tell

Ben Alexander, granter of heart's desires.

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Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's

TRUE ROMANCE Magazine

me if it really was you. And if it was —please don't lie to me. Not again."

He took his arm away and stood up. "I don't like that word *lie,*" he said curtly.

"I don't like it either, Vic, but—but what else can I say? You did tell me you were going to work, and—the person that told me was certain it was you. With a girl."

Vic looked down at her, and all at once he seemed to reach a decision. "Oh, it was me all right," he said, "and I had a girl with me."

"Vic!" She had known it all along, but to hear him say the words aloud was like receiving sharp knives in her ears.

"That's what you expected, wasn't it?" he asked ironically. "After all, you asked me not to lie to you—again. So I didn't. I can tell you this, though—there's no reason, no reason in the world for you to be jealous of that girl."

"I'm not jealous of her!" Ellen flared angrily. "I'm simply hurt—terribly hurt—because you took her out when you told me you were going to work." It wasn't true, but at that moment Ellen thought it was.

"SHE could have been a client," Vic suggested.

"Was she?" Her question was so eager that Vic gave a furious laugh.

"No, she wasn't!" he said. "She wasn't a client at all, but exactly who she was, and exactly why I took her to Tilton—that's my business, not yours."

"If there's some explanation, Vic—" Ellen was crying, the tears running down her cheeks unheeded.

"I don't intend to explain everything I do, Ellen," Vic told her. "There are some things you'll just have to take on trust, and this is one of them."

"How can I?" Ellen sobbed. "I was so humiliated this afternoon, when Amelia Daggett said she'd seen us—" She broke off; she hadn't intended to let Amelia's name slip out.

"I might have known it was Amelia," Vic said grimly. "Well, for once she's got her facts straight." He started toward the door. "This whole business makes me mad, Ellen. I think I'd better go home before I say something I'll be sorry for."

Ellen lifted her head. Shakily, she said, "If you go home now, Vic, without explaining—if you *can* explain, that is, and I'm beginning to doubt it—well, then I guess maybe you'd better not come back."

Vic stopped, his hand on the doorknob, and looked at her for a long moment. "All right," he said heavily. "I won't."

Ellen slept very little that night. One minute she was wishing she had run after him, begged him to stay; the next she was assuring herself drearily that it was better to have it happen now than after their marriage. She could never hold a man like Vic Thacker, anyway. She was too dull and plain. So it was a good thing, really, to have the break now. It was a good thing, but that didn't keep it from hurting terribly.

It wasn't until the next afternoon that she remembered Amelia had said she would put a story about the wedding plans in the *Sentinel.* In a panic, she called the *Sentinel* office.

"Is Amelia there, Mr. Foster?" she asked Henry. "Well, may I speak to her, please? Amelia, this is Ellen Winston. I called to tell you not to run any story about my wedding, because there —there isn't going to be any wedding!"

"Isn't going to (*Continued on page 75.*)

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can put ugly, tired lines on your face!

Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

So many young girls watch the fresh color and beauty fade from their faces—wonder why tired, unflattering lines appear. They should know that such effects can come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Yes, your red blood cells may have shrunk and faded—they may be weakened to the point where they cannot transmit full energy to all your body.

Borderline Anemia steals your energy, endurance! And results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have it.

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TABLETS

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can, either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

MORE ON DAYTIME SERIALS

Dear Editor:

A constant reader of your fine magazine, I recently ordered a year's subscription so that I might find out what the faces behind the familiar voices look like. Your magazine furnished most of the answers. Information Booth seems to be an outlet of praise for the daytime serials, and I'd like to add my opinion. Since all of the good things I could say have been said by others, I will list a few of the ingredients of the King-sized beef I've built up. Some of the actors make my ears ache with their distortions of some of the commonest words in the language, like *because, can't, murder.* Nobody ever got the operator by frantically jiggling the hook. Yet in radio every time a phone is used, the user has an urge to jiggle and shout "operator" or "hello". A heroine is described as being just everything a man could wish for. She marries. Immediately after the wedding, the husband becomes prey for anything in a skirt and indulges in an orgy of being pursued by a long list of females from whom he fails to run. Of course he never returns their love—he just can't help being irresistible, I guess. I could go on for pages but I don't pretend to be able to change any of the above. I'll go on listening and enjoying or writhing, as the case may be. Mine is just one small voice.

Mrs. R. J.

Chicago, Ill.

FIRST TRY FREEMAN

FLORENCE FREEMAN

Dear Editor:

Please tell me something about the actress who plays Wendy Warren on the serial of that name. She sounds very familiar. Could you also tell me the names of the other cast members?

Mrs. H. H.

Crescent, Mo.

Florence Freeman, alias Young Widder Brown, alias Wendy Warren, came close to not realizing her early ambitions in dramatics. After collecting her Master's degree, she taught English in a small town for almost a year and a half, and only when a friend said she would never make it, did she try for a radio audition. She made it! After accumulating enough experience she headed back to New York City—where she was born, by the way, and has been a steady radio performer ever since. Les Tremayne is Gil Kendal, and Lamont Johnson is Mark Douglas. Watch for a story on this program soon.

CORRECTION TIME

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for a long time now and enjoy every page of it. But as I was reading the July Information Booth page, I noticed that you said that the Lone Ranger's identity must be kept a secret. That would be all right, except that I'm almost sure that I've heard or read the identity. Would you please clear that up.

Miss D. H.

Sherwood, Ohio

This is another thing which caused a deluge of mail here—for all of you who wrote in to tell us that we were wrong—we admit it now: we were. Brace Beamer is the Lone Ranger. And while we're retracting, we'd also like to say that it is not *possible to get tickets to the Mr. District Attorney broadcast. There is no audience for that program. Sorry for both errors.*

LATE TRAIN TO FAME

Dear Editor:

The actor I am interested in is Karl Weber, whom I have heard on various plays and think has a very pleasing voice. I would greatly appreciate any information you may give me.

Miss V. M.

New Haven, Conn.

KARL WEBER

Born in Iowa, Karl Weber went to Chicago not long after his graduation from the University of Iowa to catch a train to New York where he hoped to get a break on Broadway. While waiting for the train, which was late, a friend talked him into a radio audition, and four hours later he started a Chicago radio career which was to last six years. When he finally left for New York, casting agents and Broadway came to him. He's tall, dark, and handsome—as you can see. Also, he's married. There was a full color picture of him in our May issue as Gary Bennet on the CBS program, The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters, heard at 10:30 A.M., EST over CBS stations.

WOULD DADDY LIKE IT?

ALICE FROST

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about the girl who does such a wonderful job as Pam on the Mr. and Mrs. North program.

Miss N. S.

Johnson City, Tenn.

Having for a father a Lutheran minister who was not too happy about a stage career for his daughter, Alice Frost, after winning him over, decided that the touchstone of every role would be "Would daddy like it?" Daddy probably never had cause to complain, for Alice had many stage successes, and her list of shows on the air runs an imposing gamut—from being the comic stooge of men like Colonel Stoopnagle, to appearances on Suspense, to heavy dramatic parts like that of the neurotic girl on a Columbia Workshop play which won an award as the best radio drama of the year. She loves to work in clay, design clothing, her own and her friends', and jewelry.

MORNING STAR

Dear Editor:

Just as a change from stories on daytime serials, could you please give me a little information on Fred Waring, who brightens my mornings so? How did he get the idea for his glee club?

Miss E. J.

New York City

FRED WARING

Although his original idea was to study engineering at Penn State, Fred Waring soon found that music, and one idea especially, dominated his whole life. While at college, he, together with his brother and two friends, formed a rhythm band in which Fred played the banjo. All the men sang the melodies, and thus was formed the nucleus of his Glee Club idea. Though everyone scoffed at the idea, choral singing caught on, and is today heard on many programs—which pleases Fred no end. He feels that it's good, clean, easy fun, and welcome entertainment, and ought to be promoted in every way.

(*Continued from page* 73) be any—" Amelia said in shocked amazement. "Why ever not? Ellen! Oh dear, she hung up." She held the telephone away from her, staring at it reproachfully.

Mary, who had dropped into the *Sentinel* office on her way home from work, said in amusement, "What's the matter, Amelia? You look as if somebody had just told you the date of your own funeral."

Amelia lifted tragic eyes. "Somebody just about did! Mary, I feel just dreadful! That was Ellen Winston, calling to say she isn't going to marry Vic Thacker."

"Oh, no!" Mary said in dismay. "Oh, what a shame!"

"And I'm sure it's all my fault." Henry laid down the pencil with which he'd been writing an editorial for the next issue, and listened. "I happened to meet Ellen yesterday," Amelia continued, "and I just casually mentioned that Tom and I saw her and Vic driving to Tilton last Tuesday night. But Ellen said it couldn't have been them, because she didn't even *see* Vic that night. I noticed she looked mighty white around the lips, and I was sorry then I'd said anything."

"But I don't see—" Henry began.

"It *was* Vic, I'll bet," Amelia cried, "but it wasn't Ellen with him! I didn't get a good look at the girl, I just s'posed it must be Ellen. And now he and Ellen have had a fight, and they aren't going to be married!" Suddenly, recollecting her husband's presence in the shop behind the office, she clapped a hand to her mouth. "Mercy, if Tom finds out about this he'll jump all over me! He's always saying I talk too much anyway."

"HE'S settin' up the story you wrote about the wedding right this minute," Henry said. "I better tell him to kill it—but I'll do my best to protect you, Amelia." He stood up and went into the shop.

"Mary, I've got to do something to help those two get together again!" Amelia said earnestly. "Do you suppose if I went to Ellen and talked to her I could make her see that she mustn't pay any attention to a little thing like this? Men—oh, they're all alike, but once they're married they'll usually settle down and behave themselves—"

"I don't think that would do any good at all, Amelia," Mary said, rather sternly for her. Listening to Amelia's agitated narration, she had felt her heart go out in sympathy to Ellen Winston—and she had had another thought, not a welcome one. *Suppose this should happen to me? Suppose I discovered that Bill were running around with another girl? What would I do about it?*

Impatiently, she brushed the idea aside. Dr. Bill Nelson, the man she loved and had promised to marry, was good and honest and he adored her. (But everyone had thought that Vic adored Ellen, who had blossomed out into a kind of serene beauty during the year of their courtship.)

"Leave them alone, Amelia," she said. "I expect they'll make up, in a day or two."

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," Amelia said dolefully.

But Ellen and Vic did not make up, either in a day or two or in a week. By that time, all of Valley Springs knew of the broken engagement, and more or less why it had been broken. More or less, because one version had it that Ellen had discovered Vic making love to the pretty waitress at the Mansion House. Ellen's parents had

A Word to the Wise...

stopped speaking to Vic's, and Mattie Willinghouse the dressmaker, who had already started work on Ellen's wedding gown, told anyone who would listen that she expected to be paid for what she had done.

"Seems like people just can't help choosin' up sides when a thing like this happens," Henry Foster said soberly to Mary. "Half the folks you talk to claim that Vic's no good and Ellen's better off without him, and the other half say Ellen's too strait-laced, always was, and it's a good thing for Vic he's found it out ahead of time, 'stead of after he married her. All I wish is that Amelia and Tom had picked out some other night to go to the movies in Tilton. If Amelia hadn't caught sight of Vic's car, none of all this would've happened."

Mary nodded. "I dropped in to see Ellen this afternoon," she said. "It was dreadful to see how pale and miserable she looked. And Bill says Vic hardly ever bothers to come to his office any more." Bill Nelson and Vic both had office space on the second floor of the bank building.

"You and Bill talked much about Ellen and Vic?" Henry asked, and Mary shook her head.

"No—not very much."

The truth was that she and Bill had come uncomfortably close to a quarrel, the only time they had discussed the subject. Bill had said frankly that as far as he was concerned, Ellen was making a lot of fuss over nothing. "Suppose he was out with another girl? He and Ellen aren't married yet, and a man's got a right to some freedom as long as he's single."

"Bill! You don't mean that!" Mary had exclaimed.

"Sure I do."

"Then you must think that even though you and I are engaged, you have a perfect right to take out another girl if you feel like it!"

"OF course I have. Only—" And Bill had laid his big hand over hers and smiled his utterly disarming grin. "Only I don't feel like it, and never expect to!"

It wasn't a completely satisfying answer, Mary had felt at the time. Still, she supposed men were always loyal to each other in a situation like this, and besides, Bill and Vic had become good friends during the months when their offices were next door to each other.

Quickly, Mary had changed the subject, and they hadn't mentioned Ellen nor Vic again.

That same evening, though, when Bill called to take Mary for a drive, he said, "I had a talk with Vic today. He's planning on closing up his office here and moving to Boston."

"Because of Ellen?" Mary asked, and Bill nodded glumly.

"He told me who he had had with him in the car that night," he said after a moment. "And why."

Mary gasped. Past Bill's regular, strong-featured profile as he drove she could see moonlit autumn fields, with their Indian tepees of stacked corn. She waited for him to go on, and when he was silent she exclaimed impatiently, "Well, tell me!"

"I can't," Bill said. "Vic made me promise not to tell anyone." Abruptly, he pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped. "Mary, Vic's crazy about Ellen. He doesn't give a hoot about anybody else. And he could get her back just by going to her and telling her the truth—but he won't do it."

"I don't understand—"

"What happened that Tuesday night was perfectly innocent. Even Ellen would believe that."

"Then why doesn't he? Is he insane?"

"I don't think so," Bill said quietly. "All he wants is for Ellen to believe in him—to have faith in him."

"But if he refuses to give her any *reason* for having faith—"

"That's just it," Bill said. "He wants her to have faith without any reason. Simply because she loves him.

"MAYBE I'm trying to say that Vic's an idealist. He'd rather not have Ellen at all, than have only part of her." Bill passed a hand over his forehead. "I hope I can make you see it, because if something like this should ever happen to us, I don't think I'd have the courage to do what Vic has done. It would seem so easy to clear up the misunderstanding instead."

"That's all it was?" Mary demanded. "Only a misunderstanding?"

Bill nodded gravely. "That's all. But don't you see—Vic's stubborn. I suppose he's too stubborn, but that's the way he's made. When Ellen accused him of lying to her, something happened to him. He couldn't say the few words that would have cleared everything up. He still can't. But he needs Ellen, and she needs him. Mary—" He was leaning forward, and she felt his intensity like a powerful current between them. "Will you go to Ellen and tell her Vic intends to leave town? Tell her she has to have faith in him, if she wants to be happy. See if you can't make her call him—right away, tonight."

Mary sat staring at him, unable to move. A shaft of moonlight slanted across his cheek, and above it his eyes were in darkness. She knew those eyes so well she didn't have to see them—she knew they were pleading with her, silently, powerfully. *Faith*—the word rang in her brain like the sweet note of a bell, struck repeatedly.

"Yes," she said faintly. "Yes—I'll go to see Ellen. I'll ask her to call Vic."

STATION LIST FOR EDITOR'S DAUGHTER

WCHS—CHARLESTON, W. VA.
WBBM—CHICAGO, ILL.
WLW—CINCINNATI, OHIO
WTAM—CLEVELAND, OHIO
WBNS—COLUMBUS, OHIO
WBTM—DANVILLE, VA.
WJR—DETROIT, MICH.
KFPW—FORT SMITH, ARK.
WOWO—FORT WAYNE, IND.
WOOD—GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
WIRE—INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
WDAF—KANSAS CITY, MO.
KARK—LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
WHAS—LOUISVILLE, KY.
WIBA—MADISON, WIS.
WMC—MEMPHIS, TENN.
WSM—NASHVILLE, TENN.
WMBD—PEORIA, ILL.
KDKA—PITTSBURGH, PA.
WDBJ—ROANOKE, VA.
KMOX—ST. LOUIS, MO.
WBOW—TERRE HAUTE, IND.
WSPD—TOLEDO, OHIO
WAOV—VINCENNES, IND.
KFH—WICHITA, KANSAS

Bill bent his head and kissed her, swiftly, on the lips. Then he started the car, spun it around in the road, and gathered speed on the way back to Valley Springs.

In front of Ellen's house he stopped. "I'll wait," he said.

It was less than half an hour later when Mary came out of the house again. She was smiling—a tender, misty smile that wasn't far from tears. She ran to Bill's car, slipped through the door he'd already opened, sat down.

"She called him," she said softly. "And he's coming over—he's on his way now. Oh Bill, she's so happy—and I'm so glad you made me go to see her!"

"What happened?" Bill sounded deeply content as he put the car into gear and went slowly down the street.

"Well—when I told her Vic was giving up his law practice and leaving town, she started to cry. And we talked, and I told her what you said—that I couldn't believe Vic would have done anything wrong. You know, Bill," Mary said earnestly, "I think she *wanted* to hear somebody say that! She wanted somebody to disagree with her, and tell her she was wrong!"

"Of course she did." Bill smiled.

"So I said no couple could be happy unless they trusted each other fully, and that she had to call him up right away and say she loved him and ask him to come over. . . . I guess," Mary said, "he didn't need so very much urging."

A pair of headlights came along the street toward them, and whizzed past. Bill glanced into the rear-view mirror. "That would be Vic right now," he said with satisfaction, "losing no time."

"Bill—" Mary said timidly. "Can you tell me now who Vic was with that night?"

"Sure. I don't see why not. In a minute or two, Vic will be telling Ellen. It was Wilma Kenyon."

"Wilma Kenyon? Why, but she's Ellen's best friend! She's going to be the maid of honor!"

"THAT'S exactly why Vic asked her to go with him and look at a house he found in Tilton. He wanted to surprise Ellen, but he didn't want to buy it without being pretty sure she'd like it. So he figured that if Wilma liked it, the chances were Ellen would too." Bill slid down more comfortably behind the wheel, and put one arm around Mary's shoulders, pulling her nearer.

Mary didn't relax completely against him. "But why hasn't Wilma *told* Ellen she was the girl? . . . Oh, I forgot—she's visiting her aunt in Boston, isn't she?"

"Right. And I don't suppose she even knows the wedding's been called off, or if she does know it, she doesn't know why. But she'll be home in the morning, and of course the minute she found out what had happened, she'd be telling Ellen she was Vic's mysterious girlfriend."

"Then—but then everything would have been cleared up anyhow," Mary said. "I don't see why you insisted on having me talk to Ellen tonight, if tomorrow she was going to find out the truth."

"Don't you?" His eyes left the road long enough to smile at her. "Because Ellen had to call Vic back on faith. She had to believe in him without having any *reason* to believe in him. That's love."

Mary sighed, and now she let her head droop on Bill's shoulder. "Yes," she agreed. "I guess that's love."

YOU CAN SAY *Merry Christmas* 3 WAYS

with just 1 recipe! . . .

Big Fruit Cake...little Fruit Cakes...and a Pudding—*all* made with the same wonderful KARO* Syrup recipe! Every one of them rich and moist and with that delicious flavor KARO always gives. My Mom says it's a grand idea because you can make 'em all *ahead* of the Christmas excitement. (Just wrap well and store in airtight container.) I say, "Better not let me know where you hide 'em!"

THE KARO KID

FRUIT CAKE

½ lb. seedless raisins
½ lb. dates, finely cut
1½ lbs. assorted finely cut candied citron, lemon and orange peel, pineapple and cherries
2½ c. sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. each allspice, cloves and nutmeg
1 c. shortening
½ c. brown sugar
1 c. KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
4 eggs, well-beaten
¼ c. orange juice

Weigh and prepare fruit. Dredge with ½ cup of the sifted dry ingredients. Cream shortening; add sugar; cream until light. Add KARO; mix well. Add 1 cup of dry ingredients; beat until smooth. Add eggs; beat well. Add orange juice; mix well. Add fruit mixture. Fold in remaining dry ingredients. Bake in well-greased loaf pans, lined with waxed paper, in slow oven (250° F.) 4 to 5 hours, depending upon size. Place shallow pan of water on bottom oven rack during baking; remove during last hour. (Cake improves with age. Prepare well in advance. Wrap and store.) Makes 5 pounds.

Petite Fruit Cakes: Use ½ Fruit Cake recipe. Add ½ cup chopped nut meats with fruit. Bake in fluted paper cups in cup-cake pans in slow oven (300° F.) about 1 hour. Remove. Brush tops with egg white, garnish with candied cherries, slivered almonds or citron. Return to oven, bake 15 minutes longer. Cool. Serve in fresh paper cups. Makes about 24.

Steamed Pudding: Use Fruit Cake recipe. Omit fruit, substitute ½ pound each seedless raisins, chopped dried figs, finely cut dates and candied citron. Place in greased 2-quart pudding mold or individual molds. Cover tightly; steam 4½ hours for large mold; 1 hour for small molds. (Reheat for serving by steaming 1 hour.) Makes 1 large or 20 individual.

YULETIDE SAUCE

Combine 2 egg yolks, ⅓ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label, ¼ cup orange juice and ⅛ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Mix well. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is slightly thickened, about 3 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon Sherry flavoring or 2 tablespoons Sherry. Cool. Chill. Just before serving, beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Fold in egg mixture. Makes about 2½ cups. Serve with Steamed Pudding.

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*KARO is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y.

Come and Visit Jack Benny

(*Continued from page* 31)

distracting, in the script session.

Jack sent Producer Bob Allen to Joannie's suite with a message.

"Your daddy," he said, "wants you to practice downstairs."

Joannie sighed, Junior Miss Aggrieved.

"I *thought* he would," she said. Unsaid was Career Woman's age-old complaint. "And *my* work, I suppose, has no importance around here."

But she went.

Mary Benny often sits in with the writers and Jack on the radio conferences.

So, as a matter of fact, does Joan.

What's more, Joan isn't afraid to criticize her Daddy's jokes—and her Daddy isn't too proud, sometimes, to accept her criticism.

Once recently, however, when Joan objected to a particular boffola on the grounds that it was "corny" her father overruled her.

"Keep it in," he ordered. "It may be corny but it's funny."

"THAT'S what you think," Joan—not easily abashed—argued. "But you should be in my shoes. On Mondays, I have to face my friends!"

The joke was blue-penciled.

Jack's big room is a sort of bed-sitting room with a desk almost as big as the bed, with shelves for scripts and reference books, and big, bright working lights, comfortable chairs, man-sized tables at the bedside with sharpened pencils and paper, books and the inevitable box of sleep-promoters. The colors are masculine and unbedroomy—brown and beige. The suite includes a dressing room, done in brown leather, a porch overlooking the garden, and Jack's bath—where he may leave the top off the toothpaste tube if he feels like it.

Joan, who is the smallest member of the family, rates the biggest suite—because her activities are so varied she needs plenty of room to blow off steam.

Her "apartment" has a big bedroom—with two beds, one for her frequent overnight guests—a dressing room with one whole wall of perfume bottles, a private bath, and a huge playroom, this room farthest away from the family. The playroom is the heart of the place. It has the phonograph and record collection, the spinet piano, Joan's collection of dolls and toy horses, her books, the photographs of her friends, the clutter which goes with being young and alert and *busy*. Joan's governess, Julia Vallance, who has shared her life for five years, is the sort of calm, imperturbable woman who likes children and doesn't mind messes and who can provide efficiently for a little girl's health and safety without imposing too rigid a set of rules. As Joan would put it, "She doesn't go around saying no and shushing you all the time."

Joan prefers to think of Miss Vallance as her "secretary." Not many of her schoolmates at public school can afford the luxury of a "governess" and Joan thinks the whole custom a little snobbish.

Mary Benny's personal rooms, in noticeable contradiction, are never cluttered, and they certainly are the *prettiest* rooms of all. The bedroom, in soft blue, rose and white is Victorian in

The playroom is the keynote room—if there is such a thing in a house. It expresses life as the Bennys like it—when convivial friends are about, and the pressure of work is off, and one can relax and play games, sit by the fire in winter or wander in and out of doors on a warm summer night. It is the gayest room in the house, with a huge brick fireplace taking up half of the wall, the walls paneled with mellow walnut and the sofa and big chairs upholstered in a splashy red and white apple print. In front of the fire are two deep chairs, also one in the apple print, and a massive red ottoman on which people can sit without crowding. The big rag hand-braided rug also is predominantly red. There are the inevitable card table and chairs and some early American Windsor pieces.

As in all California homes the outdoors is part of the living space—background for many of the family's happiest hours. The house is set well forward on a commercial acre so there is room at the back of the house for a gently sloping lawn, swimming pool, cabana and terrace and a barbecue and complete outdoor kitchen and bar.

The drawing room and the big dining room get very lonely during the good weather, which in California is a good part of the year—for all of the Bennys enjoy having their friends for al fresco suppers which they help to cook themselves. If the fog comes in—as it will, despite all the pull of the All Year Club—it is but a step to the playroom and a warm fire. And any movie fan who could find his way into that room would reap a harvest of autographs—Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor would probably be there, and the Tyrone Powers, Annie Sothern, the Bill Goetzes, George Burns and Gracie Allen, *plus* a noisy crowd of Joannie's school friends.

And if the unexpected callers were invited to stay they'd have a wonderful time and go home raving as Hollywoodians do about the Bennys' wonderful, cheerful house and Mary Benny's subtle understanding of what it means to be a good hostess. Mary understands the role very much as she interprets her job as the woman in the house—it is to let everyone do what he wants when he wants to, to be himself.

The system needn't be restricted to the Bennys—or to the sort of people anywhere who have money and leisure space. For the system is a product of good thinking, and good thinking can be done in Hollywood, or North Platte, or Wichita Falls.

YOU HAVE A DATE AT THE POLLS

DON'T FORGET
TO CAST YOUR VOTES FOR
YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAMS
THE SECOND BALLOT IN THE
1947

RADIO MIRROR AWARDS

Will appear in
DECEMBER RADIO MIRROR
On sale Wednesday, November 12

The secrets out— it's actually a new kind of Dole Crushed Pineapple!

Maybe you've tried a can or two already and wondered at the finer, fresher flavor and the firmer texture. It's a brand-new Dole discovery — this ingenious method of cutting the pineapple so that each tiny golden cubelet keeps its field-fresh taste delight. Try the *new* Dole Crushed Pineapple soon . . . by itself, as a breakfast fruit or dessert . . . or as suggested here by Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist.

PINEAPPLE MOLDED SALAD

Eyes will sparkle when you serve this molded salad. Make your favorite lemon gelatin. When it begins to thicken, fold in plenty of the *new* Dole Crushed Pineapple (drained), plus diced celery, red apples, sweet pickles, and walnuts as you like. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or a creamy dressing.

feeling—without being stiff. The fireplace of black marble is for real fires—friendly and inviting. The chintz draperies and upholstery are in a cheerful floral pattern, which is repeated in the wall paper on two ends of the room. The blue-tufted oversized bed is pure feminine heaven, where a substitution of fat pillows for flat ones makes it easily as inviting for staying awake as for dropping off to sleep. Mary has, in addition, her private mirrored dressing room where vast cedarlined closets house what Howard Greer has called the smartest wardrobe in favorite bath oils and perfumes.

With such a plan, it is plain to see, there need never be any conflict of personalities—any reason for any of the members of the household to be uncomfortable for the sake of any of the others. A reconnaissance flight over the Benny home at any eleven A.M.—which caught Jack hard at work on a script, Joan practicing for her piano lesson, and Mary blissfully asleep—would prove incontrovertibly that planning makes perfect. Planning makes freedom, too, complete freedom for every member of the family to do what he likes, when he likes—to be himself. And that makes for an adjusted, happy family.

THE rest of the house is planned just as systematically for living happily *together*—and don't think for a moment just because the upstairs levels are designed as they are that the Bennys live in complete isolation with no traffic from one "apartment" to another. It is here that Mary's impeccable butler, Oscar, has his innings. Oscar is the perfect butler, English, proper, and—and this is unusual—always affable. Oscar is always smiling. (He doesn't know, fortunately, that Jack's writers with typical lack of reverence for the Way Things Are Done refer to him always as "Smiley.") And here, too, the rooms have as many moods as there are occasions which the Bennys enjoy as a *family.*

The drawing room is quite formal, its furnishings handsome, some of them rare and priceless since the Bennys have not had to consider a strict budget in planning their home. Mary Benny would be the first, however, to concede that a formal living room can be just as lovely *without* real antiques, without Chinese jade lamp bases, and real collectors' items among the objets d'art. She has gone to a great deal of trouble, as a matter of fact, to detract from the museum aura of such fabulous pieces by doing her upholstered pieces with her first thought for comfort, and by a subtle use of color—pale green, rose, and ivory, and a real fire's happiest companion, brass.

It is in this room that the Bennys welcome guests at their more elaborate parties. The drawing room's complement in character and style is the formal dining room, a beautiful room done in grey and gold, with a long table which comfortably will seat twenty, with massive silver pieces from old England and a crystal chandelier. These two rooms, along with a panelled library with dark blue oriental rugs and a Dutch tile fireplace are among the show spots of Hollywood.

A pair of rooms all three Bennys like much better, and live in much more, are the big, rambling playroom which faces on the garden and a sunny yellow and pale grey breakfast room in which green vines in silver urns bring the garden indoors.

There's a Wife for You

(*Continued from page* 53)

luck. Or the girls were—for we'd arrive at Mt. Holyoke looking like doubles for wet drips. In our Senior year, a few of us chipped in and bought a Model-T Ford, in which we'd ride—when the wind was high or the road bumpy—holding down the roof. This was our commutation to Mt. Holyoke.

Most of our dates, Louise's and mine, were spent in the recreation rooms—and very charming places, too—of Mt. Holyoke's Sorority Houses. Or we'd take long walks in all kinds of weather. (We still do.) Or we'd meet in little tearooms, have coffee and conversation. Or colas and conversation. Or we'd go dancing. Or to the movies.

We used to study together, too. (Had to, or we'd both have been kicked out.) I guess I knew more about Louise's courses of study than I did about my own and she knew more about my subjects than she did hers. I often say I don't know whether I got a degree from Amherst or from Mt. Holyoke.

People who follow patterns, Louise and I still study together, at home in White Plains. Still pursue our study of Economics, begun in college; are toying with the idea of getting us a pair of Ph.D. degrees. We probably won't, but we plug along, on my two or three leisure nights a week, taking Business School extension courses, Columbia University extension courses . . .

In addition, Louise has put our five-year-old son, Stephen Dana, through the first grade. Using the Calvert system, she's taught him (by request—*Steve's request!*) to read and write. He'd been needling us, for over a year, to teach him to read and write. "I won't wait any longer," he announced to me, one night, a few months ago. "You're going to teach me to read *right now.* What do you want me to do?" he added menacingly. "Grow up to be a dope?" So Louise sent for the Calvert System and Steve went to work. Steve, looks like, is a Brain . . .

But this is advanced stuff . . .

BACK where I belong, in 1934, I don't believe I ever really proposed to Louise. Not formally, that is. From the beginning, which was the first night of the Dance Weekend, we just took it for granted that we would be married. It was a matter of "when," that's all.

Actually, I just said one night, during the Spring vacation of my Senior year, "Think we'd better be married." Louise said "When?" I said, "Right now." Louise said, "Good idea." The next day, we streaked down to Boston, got our license. Couple of days later, we ran off—to Boston—and got married.

Naturally, we had to keep it secret for a time—would have been kicked out of college if we'd told, or been found out. Which would have been a fatality since, working my way through college, as I was, broke as I was, if we had been kicked out, our first home would have been a park bench.

We literally got married on minus nothing. We got married on an idea. We got married on love and nothing more substantial. Or isn't there anything more substantial?

Come graduation, Louise went home to Detroit for a month—still mum on the subject of our marriage. When she came back, we broke the news to our families . . . and to say there was consternation is to put it gently. Pandemonium, in fact, is a pretty word for it. Louise's father, a solid and successful Detroit businessman, was particularly bitter. What would we live on? Twenty-two fifty a week? How? Where? A would-be actor . . . a *jobless* would-be actor . . . well, a radio announcer, whatever *that* was . . . what kind of an existence was this for his well-brought-up daughter?

For in the meantime—while Louise was in Detroit—I'd got a job. Graduated from college on a Monday, in fact, got a job on Tuesday (still my proudest brag)—a job as an announcer on the Yankee network in Boston, at $22.50 a week.

I'D wanted to go into the theater—but had an idea that, if I did, we wouldn't eat very regularly. A few fifteen minute guest recitals on Station WBZA, in Springfield, was the extent of my knowledge of radio. But I liked it. Felt it was the nearest thing to the theater. And heard that, in radio, you got jobs that lasted. What with the Aunt Jenny show going into its twelfth year (and me with it) what I "heard" was, I often think, somewhat less than the truth.

Here's how I broke in: a friend of mine gave me a letter of introduction to John Sheperd, the owner of the Yankee network, in Boston. John Sheperd granted me an interview, asked "What's on your mind?" I said, "To get into radio. I'll sweep floors, run errands, empty wastebaskets, do anything, just to learn how radio operates." Whereupon, and for an hour and a half, Eastern Standard Time, John Sheperd gave me a post-graduate course in radio, concluding by asking me how I would like to be an announcer? Whereupon, *I* said to him—and I wasn't kidding!—"What does an announcer do?" "An announcer reads lines," John Sheperd barked in my face, adding, "Damn it, you can *read,* can't you?"

Before I had time to answer this purely rhetorical question, he handed me a piece of copy, told me to read it, which I did—very nervously, as I recall—and "You're hired," snapped Salvation, in the body of John Sheperd.

When Louise got back from Detroit—and got a job in Boston's Corner Bookshop—we set up housekeeping. In an unfurnished one-room apartment. In which all we had, at first and for some weeks, was a studio bed and Louise's trunk. Louise's trunk served as dining room table, was our desk, our bureau, was all-purpose. Later, we went down to a department store (*not* in the de luxe brackets) and bought our furniture on time. Quite a lot of time . . .

We lived in our one-room apartment for five months, for although I was soon doing about forty commercial shows, I was still making the initial $22.50 a week. At that time, it must be remembered (and is *well* remembered by me) announcers were merely part of the network's service to the sponsors and, as such, were definitely not in the folding money; were always—and I was no exception—dead broke.

At the end of our first year in Boston, however, CBS sold a big series called The Community Sing, with Milton Berle, Wendell Hall and The Happiness Boys, to Gillette. It was tested on the Yankee networks. Auditions were held for an announcer and straight man to Berle—and I got the job. This boosted me. As to morale as well as to money—for they paid me $25.00 a week extra

NEW! a liquid 'LIPSTICK' CAN'T SMEAR! WON'T RUB OFF!

ADA LEONARD, famous stage beauty

Instantly . . .
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really **won't** rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere $1.

PAT. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

liquid liptone

----- Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes -----

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 714B
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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
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- ☐ **Scarlet**—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
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- ☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.

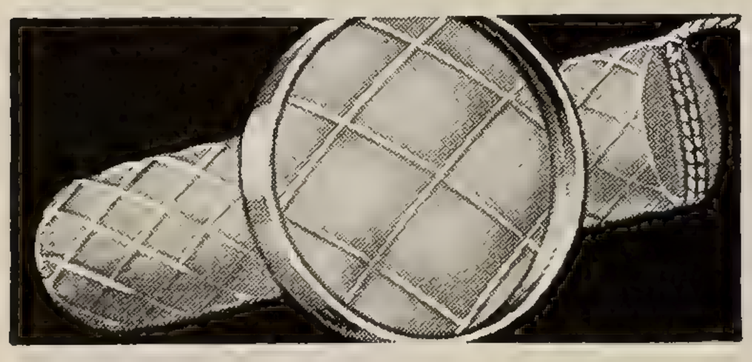
Name (print)_____ R

Address_____ M

City_____ State_____

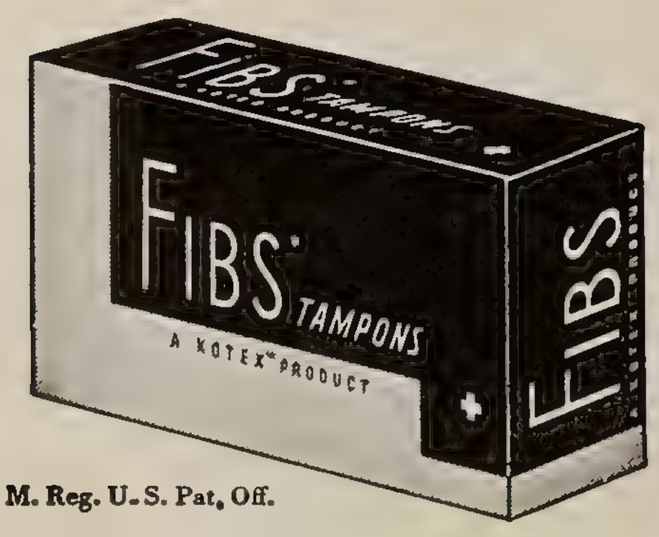
Rounded end like this

One glance at the gently rounded end of Fibs and you *know* insertion's bound to be easy with this tampon. And your first experience proves it's so! Next month, switch to FIBS.



AND FIBS are quilted!

Only Fibs are quilted to control expansion . . . keep them from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. And quilting helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues . . . a FIBS safety feature women always appreciate. For comfort, for safety in internal protection—switch to FIBS tampons.



R
M

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and Louise and I moved, forthwith, into a *two*-room apartment. Which, with Nancy Louise on her way into our home, was a basic necessity.

". . . whetted my ambition," I said of Louise, a while back. That she did. That she does. That she has always done, from the night we met to this present hour. To Louise, in fact, I give, I hereby give and bequeath, the credit for the radio "credits" I've had, and have.

It was Louise who said "don't be silly" when I doubted I'd have a chance for the spot on The Community Sing.

It was Louise who actually *insisted* that I go to New York for a week and look around—this during the week before The Community Sing, which was only going to be on the Yankee network thirteen weeks, went on the air . . .

When I got back from New York, it was to find the apartment stripped and Louise (and baby Nancy Louise) all packed and ready to leave for New York!

"But you didn't know," I said, aghast at the extremity of this evidence of faith in me. "You didn't know, because I haven't called you, that I'd have a job!"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Louise.

"The job," I said, "is that of staff announcer for CBS."

"Fine," said Louise, serenely.

No questions about "How much?" No anxiety as to where we, and Nancy Louise (born March 26, 1936, in Phillips House, in Boston) would live. There's a girl for you! There's a wife for you! *There's the stuff of which a man's success is made, for you!*

It was Louise who literally kicked me out of the house, *made* me go down and audition for the spot of announcer on the Major Bowes Show. The Major Bowes Show was, at that time, the greatest show on the air. The biggest. Everyone in New York auditioned for it. When I was told by my boss at CBS that he'd included my name on the list of those to be auditioned, I just gargled. When I got home, told Louise, said "I can't do it. Besides, I have a terrible cold" it was then Louise kicked me, and I do mean *pushed* me, with her bare hands, out of the house. And I made the audition. And was bowled over when, a week later, I was told I'd won!

Not an inordinately modest man, I believe I evaluate myself, and what I can do, pretty honestly. I haven't a very good voice. And know it. I just try to read my lines intelligently, sincerely. I do believe it's the sincerity and friendliness in a radio voice—and particularly in a radio announcer's voice—that pays off. After all, you're an announcer—you're kicking your way into someone's home, saying "Lady, buy these brushes!" Or this cemetery lot. Or that course of learning to play like Rachmaninoff in ten ten-minute lessons. I mean, you—like the Fuller Brush man or any other salesman—you've got to mean what you say, and say it "friendly" . . .

It's Louise who stood back of me when, soon after we came to New York, I was tossed right into the hopper—went to Hollywood, with Milton Berle, who had signed to do a picture there, stayed in Hollywood eight months and might have stayed permanently except that, just before I left, I'd signed up with Aunt Jenny. It was Louise's implicit—for she isn't the kind that makes speeches—faith in me that made it doing the what comes naturally when, after the Major Bowes show, I barnstormed the country with Benny Goodman; had my own show, called Young Man With A Band, on the air; did Mary Martin's first network show, Hildegarde's first network show; did a wonderful series with Andre Kostelanetz; went on as announcer, am still announcing on We, The People; worked for, and with, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Ingrid Bergman, Al Jolson—with, in fact, every top personality in the business.

Our first months in New York we lived in an apartment in Jackson Heights, then moved to Great Neck, Long Island, rented a house there for a year. Then, in 1940, went to White Plains, New York, rented a house there and, a year later, bought it. Dutch Colonial, nine rooms and four baths, built on different levels, on a little over an acre of land, the house in White Plains has been home ever since—for Louise and me, for Nancy Louise; for Judith Ann, born in 1938 and for Steve, born in January, of 1942. Also for the houseful of dogs, which we always have (*love* dogs, all of us, can't have enough of them) and for the assorted turtles, white mice, goldfish, rabbits, guinea pigs, infant alligators and cats (alley) accumulated and passionately loved by the children—and their parents.

We really build our lives around our kids, Louise and I. It's a very close organization, our family; it's a very close-knit fabric, our family life.

The only drawback to what is—and if this sounds smug, can't help it, it's the truth—our perfect contentment and happiness, is that I don't have as much time as I need, and want, at home. A few weeks ago, for instance, I had the first free weekend—due to the fact that We, The People changed from Sunday night to Tuesday night—I've had in *eleven years*. During the week, I get

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EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

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Every week the files of TRUE DETECTIVE Magazine are opened on another famous case. Then you join the police or FBI as they gather clues, question witnesses, and bring another dangerous criminal to justice. It's an exciting half-hour, extra interesting because every story is true and believable.

Be ready for action and a full quota of thrills,

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

ON **"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"**

ON ALL MUTUAL STATIONS

See your newspaper for time and station.

$500 REWARD for information on wanted criminals; tune in for details.

home to dinner about three times (when I can't get home to dinner, Louise comes into town and has dinner with me)—and into these three nights, we pack the things we all do together . . .

If it's a night in the spring or early autumn (in the summers, Louise and the children go to Cape Cod and I go up when I can) we do a lot of outdoor cooking—steaks and chops, charcoal broiled. In the winter, if I'm home on cook's night out—and "cook" is our big, black, jolly and *what*-a-cook, Alberta—we get dinner together, Louise, the kids and I. I love to bake, blueberry muffins being my specialty. Gradually, however, and thanks to Alberta, I'm increasing my repertoire. Louise is a splendid housekeeper, a crackerjack cook, but when she mixes in the kitchen, Alberta doesn't go for it. When I come in, however, she's all smiles and suggestions . . .

Now and again, on a free night, Louise and I "dress," go to a party, go to a show. Whenever I send a corsage to Louise, I always include two small ones for the girls. Now, of course, Steve and I send the corsages, together . . .

BOTH of us like informal living, prefer sports clothes, like our dinners served buffet . . . and ours is an "open" house, always, or almost always, with eight or ten kids in it, or very hot baseball, or badminton games (in which I participate) going on in the backyard. On a Saturday, it's seldom, indeed, that I serve less than 30 to 40 hot dogs to the kids, less than 30 to 40 ice-cream cones . . .

We're bed-readers, Louise and I—read in bed every night and far *into* every night. We're great Double Crostic fans, with Louise quite a whizz at them and me a runner-up to a whizz!

And, of course, we study . . . our Economics. Our American Economic History which is what we are, specifically, most interested in. On our fifth anniversary, we took our honeymoon . . . drove down to Virginia, drove all through Williamsburg, saw all the battlefields made memorable by the Civil War . . .

And, as at college, we spend long evenings over coffee and conversation. We talk, mostly, about the children, our plans for them, our hope that we are bringing them up right. We talk about my work—the Aunt Jenny show, We, The People, the Mystery Theatre of the Air, the show I m.c. with Gordon Macrae, which is my present curriculum. We play records and talk about the record company in which I have, although quite modestly, invested . . .

I'm pretty satisfied with my life. If, again, this sounds smug, I'm sorry—but it's the truth. I'm pretty satisfied (and this, can't you guess, is an understatement) with my wife. I'm one of the too few men who, if I had it to do all over again, would do exactly what I did do—from the moment I cut in, and *fell* in love, to the moment I sign off this page, and *am* in love. . . .

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New, Lovely, Useful

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New Longer Length

Here it is—your loveliest, most important suit, to invite the loveliest, most important events in your life! New, longer jacket, flaring out at the hips in a full, flirtatious, double peplum. The top tier of the peplum and the jaunty collar smartly match the skirt. New, longer skirt with zipper closing. Superbly tailored of sleek, rich rayon faille. In enchanting colors:

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The Thing Called Faith

(*Continued from page 23*)

floors for a living—and she was plainly far from such measures—to keep the youngster with her.

"But why," I asked gently, "don't you want your daughter with you?"

"She's *not* my daughter!" The words erupted with shocking vehemence. Then she caught herself, went on with forced calmness. "Oh, she's legally mine. Her father was my husband, and she has no other relatives. But I'm a widow, Dr Matthews, and I can't afford to keep her, can't give her the things she needs. She'd be better off with someone else. The boarding house is no place for her—"

She wasn't telling the truth—at least, not all of it. I hesitated, searching for the best way of arriving at the truth.

"As I understand it, she is your late husband's child. How long have you had her with you, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Six years. Jim—Mr. Gordon and I were married when she was two. Her mother died when Carol was born."

"Six years," I repeated. "Surely you can't want to give her up now. There must be another solution—"

"THERE isn't any other way! She's got to go!" she said fiercely. Her eyes avoided mine, looked everywhere but at me. "I—I just can't stand the sight of her, any more," she added, almost in a whisper.

I waited. The wind stirred in the trees, carried to us the low, wordless murmur of Winifred's voice, and Carol's laugh. "Then," I said finally, "it isn't really a question of money, or a place to live—"

She moved uncomfortably. "No. Jim left some insurance—enough to keep us fairly comfortable. And we had a nice apartment in San Francisco all through the war. We lost it just recently, when the building was torn down to make room for an office building. That's when we came down here. We took the room at Mrs. Olson's with the expectation of moving into a house that friends of mine in San Pedro are vacating. It's small, but in a nice neighborhood and near the school. It would be perfect for Carol, if I could be a mother to her. But I can't be, any more."

She flung back her head, looked me squarely in the eyes. "I worshipped Jim, her father," she said a touch defiantly. "He was several years older than I, and a widower, and he had Carol, and some of my friends said that our marriage would never work. But it did. We were marvelously happy. He was a big man with a big heart, always gay and generous and full of fun. We traveled a lot—he was a diesel engineer and worked on construction jobs in different parts of the country—and wherever we went we had a wonderful time.

"When war came, he tried to enlist, but he was over age for the services, and the closest he could get to action was a construction job with a company that was building Army bases in North Africa. That was when he settled Carol and me in the apartment in San Francisco, and went on to the company offices in New York. He was there—" her voice suddenly became crisp, hard—"about two months, waiting for a ship that would take him and the rest of the men overseas. They sailed sometime in January of 1943. Two years later, just when the work was finished and he was about to come home, he was killed on the job. Six weeks ago—" her hand plunged into her purse, came out with a small, flat packet—"I got these."

The packet landed on my desk. She brushed her fingers against her palm as if the very touch of it had contaminated her. I hesitated, then picked it up—a pack of letters, stained, wrinkled, the envelopes canceled and recanceled and blackened with notations and censors' marks.

"Look at them," she encouraged in the same hard voice. "They're letters—and you won't have to read far. Jim's clothes and other belongings were sent to me shortly after he died, but somehow his letters and papers were misplaced by the company officials and didn't reach me until last month."

The letters all seemed to bear the same return address, that of a Ruth Deane, in New York City. Still hesitant, I slipped the top one out of its envelope and glanced at it.

Dear Jim:

You don't know how much it means to me to be able to look forward to your letters. The latest one came today, just when I was thinking the last night you were here, when you and Tom and I had dinner at the Grill. I'd read your old letters over for the hundredth time, and I was wishing —oh, so hard!—to hear from you again . . .

Margaret Gordon sat forward tensely, her hands knotted together in her lap. "Now do you see?" she demanded. "He was there in New York for over two months, all the while writing me, calling me long distance, saying how much he missed me. I wanted to take Carol and join him for whatever time he had left, but he said it was too uncertain, that any day they might get a ship. And all the time he was—he was —" She had to stop. Her mouth was shaking violently.

I SAID, soothingly, because I didn't know what else to say, "But it was probably very true. There weren't ships enough at that time. And in any case, he wouldn't have been told when he was to sail, for security reasons—"

"Oh, I know all that!" Her mouth had stopped shaking, but her voice was high and sharp. "It just seems like a lie now, our whole married life seems like a lie. The calls, the letters he wrote from New York, the letters from Africa, all saying how much he loved me and missed me and wanted to be back with Carol and me—all lies! And I believed them so completely—that's what hurts. He didn't have to take that job, but he wanted to feel that he was doing his part, and I didn't try to stop him because I wanted him to do what he felt he should do. I didn't feel that time or distance separated us. Even after he was killed, I still felt close to him, as if he were still with me, telling me what to do, helping me —my Jim, who was still a part of me even after his body was dead. And now it's all gone. I've been a fool all along, a blind, credulous, simple fool. Until those letters came, I believed—"

Yes, I thought, she had believed. She had come close to the faith I talked about from the pulpit on Sunday

mornings. I spoke of immortality often —to the few who understood and believed, to the many who only wanted to believe. Margaret Gordon had been one of the few who had that understanding, and now she had lost it.

For a moment, it seemed almost a personal loss to me also; the very sight of the letters pained me. I had to force myself to touch them, to read more. I had to remind myself that real faith is not blind; it is the clearest sight we have.

"Have you thought," I asked, "that there might be an innocent explanation—"

"Have I thought of it!" She laughed bitterly. "I didn't—wouldn't—think anything else at first. I combed those letters for the smallest hint of something that would tell me it wasn't true. But it is. They're love letters all right; they can't be anything else."

AND so it seemed, from the hasty but inclusive scanning I gave them. There were mentions of Tom and other names which appeared to be those of construction company employees; there were little anecdotes, the sort of thing a woman writes to amuse and to warm the heart of a man who is far from his homeland. But mostly Ruth Deane had written of how much knowing Jim Gordon had meant to her, how much she thought of him and looked forward to seeing him again.

"Who is this Tom?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Someone they ran around with, obviously. If you read far enough, you'll see that Tom and some girl went with them to this place and that place, and sometimes Tom alone went with them. I suppose it looked better to have an extra man along." She laughed, and the short, brittle note echoed in the quiet study like a bell out of tune. I began to put the letters together. I didn't want to read any more, not then.

"And all this," I said, "has changed your feelings toward the little girl?"

She gave a taut little nod. "She's Jim all over again—her eyes, her smile, her laugh. I loved her for it at first, almost as much as I loved her for herself. After he was killed, she was all I had of him that I could touch and see and hear. Now—every time I look at her, I see lies and treachery. I've tried to fight it, but it isn't any use. Each day it gets worse. She hasn't felt it yet, but she will soon, and that's why she's got to go. But I have to be sure she has a good home, with people who love her. If you'll only help me, Dr. Matthews! I'll rely upon your judgment—"

I didn't think that she would. That was why I didn't try to reason with her. She was too tense, too absorbed in her own hurt to listen.

"Let me think about it for a few days," I asked. "And then I'll talk with you again. In the meantime, would you mind if I kept these? I'd like to go through them more thoroughly—"

She sent the letters a shrinking glance, as though they were something vile. "Keep them. I'll be glad to be rid of them."

After she had gone, stopping to take Carol from Winifred in the sunshine-filled garden, I turned back to my desk. My eyes fell upon the notes for the Thanksgiving sermon.

"This peace in which there is no peace," I had written. "There is still warfare in the world, open and secret. There is enmity and bitterness and

The girl who can't say no!

That's Betsy, all right! Hasn't said "No" to good-tasting Gerber's since the doctor started her right from the first on Gerber's Cereals. And how she goes for *Gerber's Strained Foods*—from carrots to custard!

But a girl's never too young to watch her figure. So, when Betsy's ready for Junior Foods she'll get just the *right-size portions*—with Gerber's. Only *Gerber's Junior Foods* come in the *same size* container at the *same low price* as Strained Foods.

Thousands of babies can't say "No" to good-tasting Gerber's. And, *more doctors approve them.* So start Baby on Gerber's—keep Baby on Gerber's!

For FREE SAMPLES of Gerber's 3 Cereals, write to Gerber's, Dept. W11-7, Fremont, Mich.

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BABY FOODS
Fremont, Mich.—Oakland, Calif.
3 CEREALS 18 STRAINED FOODS 13 JUNIOR FOODS

R M

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Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours Of Continuous Medication — Easy To Carry If Away From Home!

Zonitors are one of the most satisfactory methods ever used for intimate feminine cleanliness. They are being more and more widely used among the intelligent women in the U. S. Easier, daintier, more convenient—*so powerfully germicidal* yet *harmless.*

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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type which quickly melt away. Instead—when inserted—Zonitors instantly release their *powerful germicidal* properties and *continue to do so for hours.* They are positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.*

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Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so *powerfully effective* they *immediately* kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors kill *every* reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.

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FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-117, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

R M

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fear. But for every breach, there is a growing sense of the brotherhood of man. For every betrayal, there is a strengthening of faith. For this we can be thankful—"

Words—they sounded hollow and pretentious now. There was truth behind them; there had to be—and yet where in this instance was it? Margaret Gordon had been betrayed and no resurgence of faith had come of it, only bitterness and wrong.

Winifred stuck her head in the door, smiling as at the memory of something very pleasant. "I had a lovely afternoon," she said. "Isn't Carol a darling, Charles? I'd like to keep her."

"Apparently you can," I said heavily. "It seems she's up for adoption." I went on to tell her the purpose of Margaret's visit. She was as shocked and horrified as I had been.

"BUT Charles—that adorable child! And that poor woman! I thought there was something odd," she reflected. "That's why I sent her in to you. She looked so—so—"

"Desperate," I supplied. "That's what I'm afraid of. It won't do the child any good to be separated from the only mother she's ever known, and it won't help Margaret herself. She'll only be covering over the wound, not healing it. She's like a hurt animal, trying anything, frantically, to escape the pain. I'm afraid—"

I didn't know what, specifically, I was afraid of. But I felt that there was need for haste. Margaret had already gone so far as to approach me on the matter of having Carol adopted; she could easily be impatient enough to talk to someone else, someone whose feelings on the subject might be very different from my own.

That night I read and reread the letters almost as searchingly as Margaret herself must have done. And I showed them to Winifred, hoping that in doing so I wasn't betraying a confidence. But Margaret hadn't bound me to secrecy, and in this matter I needed a woman's opinion. Winifred agreed with me. We both felt that if Ruth Deane had been in love with Margaret's husband, it had been a decent love—a decent love for a decent man.

"If you could only talk with the girl," she said. "Do you suppose you could call her or write—"

I shook my head. "Even if we located her, it's hardly the sort of thing to discuss over the telephone, or by mail. No, the only way would be to see her in person—" And at that we exchanged wry smiles. It would take a great deal to move me from Selby Flats and the Church of the Good Samaritan. But there are disadvantages. My income doesn't cover flying trans-continental trips, especially when they could easily turn out to be so much chasing after wild geese.

It was Winifred who found the answer that had been right under our noses all along. "Twin Valleys," she said, frowning over a page in which Ruth Deane had mentioned what we took to be her home town. "Isn't there a Twin Valleys in California, Charles? And isn't it near here?"

There was, and it was, and Ruth Deane lived there. She was surprised, understandably, that a stranger, and a clergyman at that, was calling to ask to see her, but she agreed readily and without question. She was only sorry that the interview must be put off until next week; in the meantime, she would be out of town, visiting friends.

I hung up the phone feeling almost elated. I would be seeing her next Tuesday morning, and although I would have wished it to be sooner, I couldn't help feeling that everything was going to be all right. Miss Deane's low, pleasant voice was reassuring. She seemed well bred and well poised, not at all the sort of girl who would be interested in breaking up a home, certainly not the sort of girl who could be deceived.

And then, on Monday night, Margaret Gordon called me.

"Dr. Matthews," she demanded excitedly, "do you know a family named Caldwell—Emory Caldwell?"

My heart dropped sickeningly. I didn't know the Caldwells, but I knew who they were. Almost everyone did. A wealthy, conservative, public-spirited couple, childless and fairly young—the perfect foster-parents. "I've heard of them," I answered.

"One of the men at Mrs. Olson's has worked for them at their country place," she went on. "He told me about them—that they are anxious to adopt a child, and that they'd like a little girl! It sounds perfect for Carol."

"Have you spoken to them?" I asked.

"No. I wanted to talk to you first, of course."

But she'd called me only out of courtesy; she had her heart set on the Caldwells. "I had something else in mind" I said carefully. "There's someone I'd like you to meet before you take any definite steps. Would it be possible for you to leave Carol with someone, and take a short trip with me tomorrow morning?"

She said yes, not very eagerly, and I turned from the telephone wondering at my own daring. If I were wrong, it would be the height of folly to bring Margaret Gordon and Ruth Deane together. But it was a risk I'd had to take. Margaret was desperate, and the Caldwells were a tempting solution. I couldn't let one day go by and be sure that she wouldn't go to them.

I DIDN'T want to tell her where we were going. She might flatly refuse to go at all, and even if she could be persuaded—well, seventy-odd miles was plenty of time in which to prejudice herself completely against anything Ruth Deane might have to say. I was relieved the next morning when she showed only the most cursory interest in our trip.

"We're going to visit this woman you've talked to?" she repeated, frowning. "Does she live alone? I want a family to take Carol—"

"I wasn't thinking of adoption." I added weakly, "I simply believe that this person will have something interesting to say—" But she wasn't listening. She began to talk of the Caldwells, of their house in town and their house in the country and the advantages they could give Carol. Having convinced herself that she'd found the perfect answer for Carol, she seemed almost eager to see her go. "I think they'll want her," she said. "Mr. Johnson—he's the man who used to work for them—is sure that they will. And if they do, I'd like them to take her right away so that she'll be there for Thanksgiving. There's always so much excitement and so many things to do around a holiday, that she's likely to feel less strange . . ."

I pressed the accelerator a little closer to the floor, and felt sick. I didn't think that any amount of turkey

and holiday trimmings would ease the shock for Carol.

Twin Valleys is a tiny town, hardly more than a crossroads, but it is exceedingly proud of itself. Five miles out signs began to appear, announcing that we were approaching it. Margaret missed the first of them; we'd reached the edge of town when she suddenly straightened in the seat beside me.

"Twin Valleys," she said in a strange voice. "Isn't this where—Dr. Matthews, isn't this—"

I offered up a short, wordless prayer and watched for street signs. This was the street—Maple Street. And this was the house, a small, white-painted house set down in the midst of a bright, trim garden.

"Yes," I said, "this is where Ruth Deane lives. I—we—have an appointment with her."

She said nothing, only gave me a long look, as if I, too, had betrayed her, and allowed herself to be helped from the car.

Ruth Deane was perhaps a year or two younger than Margaret, fair, pleasant looking rather than pretty, with deep blue eyes and little crinkles at the corners that might have come from either worry or smiles.

"COME in, Dr. Matthews; I've been expecting you." Her eyes went questioningly to Margaret.

"This is Mrs. Gordon, Miss Deane—" She had turned to lead the way into the house. Now she swung back quickly.

"You're not Mrs. James Gordon?"

"I am," said Margaret stiffly, and I hastened to break in.

"Do you know, Miss Deane, that Mr. Gordon was killed—"

"Know it!" She gestured quickly. "Oh, please sit down! I've wondered so much about you, Mrs. Gordon."

Margaret sat down woodenly, her eyes fixed on Ruth Deane's face.

"I was one of the first to know about Jim," Ruth was saying. "I was in the Merritt Company's personnel office when they sent him overseas, and I handled all of the illness and accident reports of the men. We'd lost other men on the job, but when that cable came with Jim Gordon's name on it—well, there wasn't a person in the office who didn't feel that he'd lost an old friend. And I—he'd done so much for me—"

Margaret didn't move; her very breath seemed suspended.

"You see," Ruth went on, "Tom—my brother—and I went to New York because of the job. Tom, like Jim, was one of the men who was being sent to Africa, and I was terribly worried about him. He's younger than I—he was barely twenty-one at the time—and he's always been high-strung and restless. He was under enough strain just waiting for the ship, being told one day that it was going to sail, being told the next that it might not sail for weeks, and I didn't know how he was going to stand the job itself. He thought it would be exciting and high adventure, but I'd heard enough from the men who'd gone before to know that it was just dull, hot, miserable, dangerous work.

"And then Jim came along, and when he found out that we were from California, and alone in New York, he just took us in as if we'd been part of his family. He took us out often, kept us from thinking too much about ourselves. And when they finally

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R
M

sailed, he promised me that he'd look after Tom. And he did, for over two years, until he was killed—and then it was almost time for Tom to come home. It meant everything to me—to know that Tom was with someone who was interested in him, who cared that he stayed on the job and didn't do anything rash like deserting and running off to Cairo. And he wrote to me, so that I had regular—as regular as the mails were in those days—reports about Tom.

"It was—wonderful of him," she finished simply. "You'd have to know what working conditions were like over there to understand just how wonderful. Not many men would have done it. Most of them felt that they had enough to do, just taking care of themselves, without keeping tab on a hot-headed boy."

Still Margaret hadn't moved. But her eyes were very wide, and very bright; there was a quiver about her mouth.

"I didn't know," she said, as if to herself. "He didn't tell me— Why didn't he tell me—?"

Ruth blinked, glanced at me. I think she knew then, something of what Margaret had thought and why we had come.

"He probably didn't think it was worth writing about," she said reasonably. "He was the most generous man I ever knew. He was always doing things for people. He'd done many kindnesses for others in the office that I never heard about until after he was dead. We all loved him—and I think that half the girls in the office would have been *in* love with him . . . if you hadn't been as real to us as he was. He worshipped you. He talked so much about you and Carol, about how you'd taken Carol when she was just a baby, and what a wonderful mother you were—"

Margaret said, "Oh!" very faintly. Ruth seemed not to have heard.

"As for Tom and me," she went on, "there isn't any way to say what he meant to us, except that he did more for us than our own father could have done. There wasn't any way to repay him—except to write often and to try to show how I felt without saying 'thank you' over and over again."

The last was for Margaret alone, for any questions that may have remained unanswered. But there weren't any. She was sitting very straight, and the brittle, tense look was upon her again—but now it was with the effort not to give way to relief, to tears.

Ruth graciously pretended not to notice. She went to the window, looked out to the street, and then turned back to us to say, "You'll stay for lunch, won't you? Tom will be coming home soon, and he'll want to meet you."

I looked at Margaret. Her head was bent. She was groping in her bag.

"I think not," I said. "But thank you very much. Some other time, perhaps, if you'll have us."

There wasn't any doubt that she'd have us. And, when Margaret shook hands with her, although all she said was, "Thank you, Miss Deane. Thank you very much," there wasn't any doubt that she would want to come.

We didn't talk much on the way home. Margaret wept softly, and I let her cry. Once she said, "I am so ashamed,"—and it wasn't her tears she was ashamed of. Then, as we neared the city, she dried her eyes.

"I am so glad we went out there," she said in a voice that was almost normal. "It isn't only that everything is changed now about Jim, and about Carol, but for a while I felt that he was alive again, right there in the room with us, where I could see him. And I saw something about him I'd never seen before." She hesitated, groping. "You see, I'd never thought of him as being dependable, in a way. Not that he hadn't always cared for Carol and me, better than adequately—but he had his adventurous side, too. It worried me a little, because of Carol, because she's so much like him. I was afraid she might grow up to be the sort of person who would come through beautifully in emergencies and as long as things were exciting around her, but who couldn't stand a long, hard pull. I know differently now. If Jim could keep his promise to look after that boy, Tom, for two long years . . . Oh, Dr. Matthews, do you see?"

I saw, and I saw much more, all of it so richly gratifying that my heart swelled at the thought. I saw that Carol would after all have a home for Thanksgiving—her own home. She and Margaret would be together. And I saw the Thanksgiving services at the Church of the Good Samaritan, the candles, the flowers, the faces turned toward me, waiting for me to speak . . . the faces of those who believed, and those who had to be helped to believe. I would have the right words for them now, when I spoke of faith. My own faith had been refreshed and renewed.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 45)

the same routine of rushing around here and there on high heeled shoes from one place to the other, without my really knowing the meanings of them all.

Gradually I noticed the difference in my health. There were constant pains in my stomach. Ached feet from walking in shoes. Pains and stiffness after sitting long in the car. Numbed from the cold.

It wasn't long after that when I was stricken down with sickness. The doctor was called and I was confined to the hospital where I was told to keep quiet and see no one. I had a serious case of nervous breakdown. In those few days alone in the hospital I had the chance to think over the life I have had and the life I was having. About my past, well, I went over there to forget about it and to find happiness didn't I? Did I say happiness? Yes, because that was what I have been looking for. My mind wandered to the different people I have met over there. I had observed the way they carried themselves and could imitate them well myself. But, you may ask if I could follow what they have in their minds, or could I discuss with them the same interests as they have in common? Ah, my answer will be nil. I do not know what my white friends have in their minds and what interests they have in common.

AT least I realized that my husband was right after all. East and West shall never meet. I could not understand his ways and he would never understand mine. Also that I would never be happy over there in the civilized country.

As if as though She was patiently waiting, beckoning, Nature called my mind back to the Island here. To where there's warmth and ease. To where my own people lived whom I knew well. And to where my children are waiting to be loved and to be teached so that they may get a better chance in their futures.

As soon as I got well again I left for the Island and in the twelve years since I am the happiest woman that lived. With my two younger children —girl and boy—who are going forward in school, and with my eldest son who is now in the highest grade and is finishing his schooling this year, what else could I ask for in life.

Tiare

The editors of Radio Mirror have selected as this month's $10 letters those that follow:

FORMULA FOR FAITH

Dear Papa David:

Business men and the newspapers have been telling us that in a very short time we will find ourselves in another terrifying depression. I would like to give to everyone I can the formula my father and mother used to get through the last one.

To those who have experienced such a thing, the word "depression" means fear, hunger, want, cold, discouragement. During the last depression I was only a child, but I remember that people went hungry, that they were cold and had nothing to wear but the rags on their backs. I remember that people murdered for a few pieces of silver, that others committed suicide

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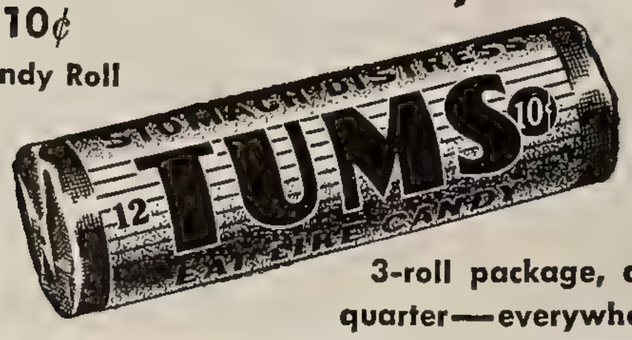

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rather than live through one more day. But, somehow, I can't connect it with my own childhood. It is more like something I have read.

My childhood was different—my father had no steady job, and my mother didn't work—and there were three children younger than I. Outwardly, I guess we must have appeared just like everybody else. And perhaps, inwardly, we would have been like them, but my mother and father never gave up. They never confessed that they were poor.

MY father was the kind of man who could do any job—from carpentering and farming to oil field work. My mother was a real artist in cookery and with a needle. She could make heaven from nothing. And she had a green thumb. See how well equipped my parents were to fight a depression? Faith was the only other ingredient they needed for success. And they had it. Miraculously every spring money appeared from somewhere to buy garden seeds. Always there was plenty to plant a huge garden and enough left over for flowers. We all worked hard, enjoyed it, and thanked God for it all. And the vegetables grew and produced amazingly and the flowers bloomed and bloomed beyond their given limits. People we'd never heard of came to see them. For people who have worked so hard and lovingly to attain an end in any certain field, this kind of success and appreciation was certainly bread for the soul.

Mother, with the help of all of us, canned everything from the garden that we did not use during the summer. When we children grew tired of shelling peas or snapping beans, she'd say to us, "But just think how good this will taste when the snow flies!"

Mother didn't tell us that we were poor and that all of us must work hard now to save every last bean or pea or we were likely to starve next winter. Dad didn't say, "Bring home every loose stick of wood you can find or we will all freeze to death next winter." No—it was more or less a game. Every stick added to the pile just made it grow that much higher and it was fun.

We had no expensive toys. But Dad had tools and we used them to build our own from apple boxes. My sister and I made new clothes from scraps for our old dolls, furniture from pasteboard boxes, built a play store and had paper money to go with it. From all of this we gained a feeling of usefulness, of self-sufficiency. And our Dad could make such wonderful hand shadows on the wall. And he played a violin. What I am trying to say Papa David, is this—we were not poor. We were rich! We children hardly knew the meaning of the word "poor." Wearing "hand-me-downs" was no disgrace—Mother did such a beautiful job of remaking them.

In later years when talking over the old days with my parents, I was surprised to hear that many, many times during that period they found themselves without a cent between them—and four growing children to feed. I didn't know that more than once the flour barrel was empty and my father had to go out to borrow or find some way of getting at least enough more for one baking of bread. I didn't know that fuel was really so hard to get. I didn't understand a lot of things then—because my parents refused to let us children know. They kept their faith, knowing that things would come out right in the end. And they always did. If you have faith enough you can do anything.

Mrs. M. P.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED

Dear Papa David:

Everyone has those dull, logy days when everything goes wrong and when all that happens seems to dull your senses. Such was the day which accursed me about a year and one-half ago. After a bad morning in school and a brief argument with a dear friend, I headed for the nearest barber shop, down on James Street in our town.

In the middle of my haircut, I noticed a small dog of questionable pedigree come into the shop, always a harbor for strays. After wandering around for a moment or two, he happened upon a full-length mirror in one corner of the room. For a matter of seconds it seemed as though he was staring at his dirty face. Then he trotted to the barber-chair, laid his paw on a discarded towel, and rubbed it with that dirty face, apparently striving to make it immaculate.

All the barbers started laughing, and the customers too. Soon I joined in their laughter at this canine who had so much vanity. As I left the shop all vestige of the day's gloom had left me, and I was as happy as could be.

D. A.

GOOD TROUPER

Dear Papa David:

During the war I was with a USO-Camp Shows troupe overseas. In our group was an act consisting of two brothers and the wife of one of them. It was a comedy act, one of the best in our show, and Flora, the wife, had recently been trained to act as a stooge. She was a pretty shy little thing, just off a Kansas farm, and only recently married. The stage, travel, and marriage, too, were new and strange to her, and more than any of us she minded the heat, the filth, and the inconveniences of the Pacific. She had a different reason, too, as we soon discovered.

WE had not been on the other side very long when Flora shyly confessed that she was expecting a child. At first all of us girls were dismayed, but when we found it was not to be until some time after the tour would be ended, we did everything we could to make life easier for her. If any of us were given extra rations, or came across a real egg, we saw that Flora had them. We spared her as much as possible. She could, of course, been sent home—would have, in fact, if the authorities had been told anything about it, but she was firm in refusing . . . as firm as the very timid can sometimes be. She would not leave her husband; it was only to be with him that she had come.

One night there was an especially rough ride out to an outlying Post, over a mountainous road which seemed to stretch into eternity. We thought we'd never get there, and giving the show that night was really a strain. We ached all over, and dreaded having to return that way.

The next night when the Army truck rolled up and we started climbing in, we noticed that Flora wasn't there. Her husband said that she had been taken to an Army hospital that morning. So somehow we gave the show that night without her. We could hardly wait for it to be over so that

we could borrow a jeep and go to see her. She was sitting up in an Army bed, her face a little pale above the G I pajamas she was wearing, but she still had the ghost of a smile. Her baby had been born prematurely, and he had never breathed. We were close to tears when we remembered how much she had wanted him, and of the plans she had made. That baby had seemed very close to us. Flora said that maybe someday there would be another baby. She knew she shouldn't have tried to have one under such conditions.

In the meantime life, and the show, went on. Within a week Flora was back with us. I think I had never before known a real trouper. No one sitting out front could have guessed at the pain behind that sweet, little-girl smile of hers.

BACK in the states, the troupe disbanded, and I haven't heard what became of Flora in the several years since we were together. But to the end of my life I'll remember and be inspired by the indomitable courage that illuminated the life of that little girl from Kansas.

Mrs. E. B.

CRUTCHES FOR GRANNY

Dear Papa David:

It was a lovely sunny afternoon. I was living out in the far west in a new mining camp many miles from anywhere. I took my twenty-two Winchester and started out to hunt jack rabbits, coyotes or what not. I had walked perhaps a mile when looking down in a deep ravine I saw a sight that fascinated me and held me spellbound.

Two coyotes were fighting over a huge jack rabbit, one was tearing at his head, the other his hind legs. I thought —how that is like human beings fighting—tearing, rending to see who can get the major portion when in God's beautiful world there is plenty for each of us and to spare.

Then as I walked on I came to a crude little burying ground. As I stood gazing at the abode of the silent ones, I saw a young boy approaching, an Indian lad of perhaps thirteen. I noticed he carried under his arm a long package and in his hand a small digging implement. Upon seeing me he became confused so I asked him if he had some one buried there—with great tears streaming down his brown face he said:

"Yes, my grandmother, she raised me, now she goes to the happy hunting ground—the Great Spirit fastens wings on to her and she flies away. I brought her work basket and knitting needles to put on her grave and her glasses so she can see, and," he added, "I brought some sandwiches for her." "But what have you in the long package," I asked him.

"Oh that," he said, "is her crutches. I got a can of paint and they are beautiful and white. I now dig two holes—I put them in for markers—we are too poor to buy pretty stone so I make them do it."

So as I watched his small brown hands dig a hole at the head and foot of the sunken grave and he sank the crutches neatly and erectly. "Now Granny," he said, "you will have the crutches close if you get tired." His face alight with satisfaction, he turned from his completed task. As twilight deepened on the desert I told the little Indian boy of a land where Granny would need no crutches and where all

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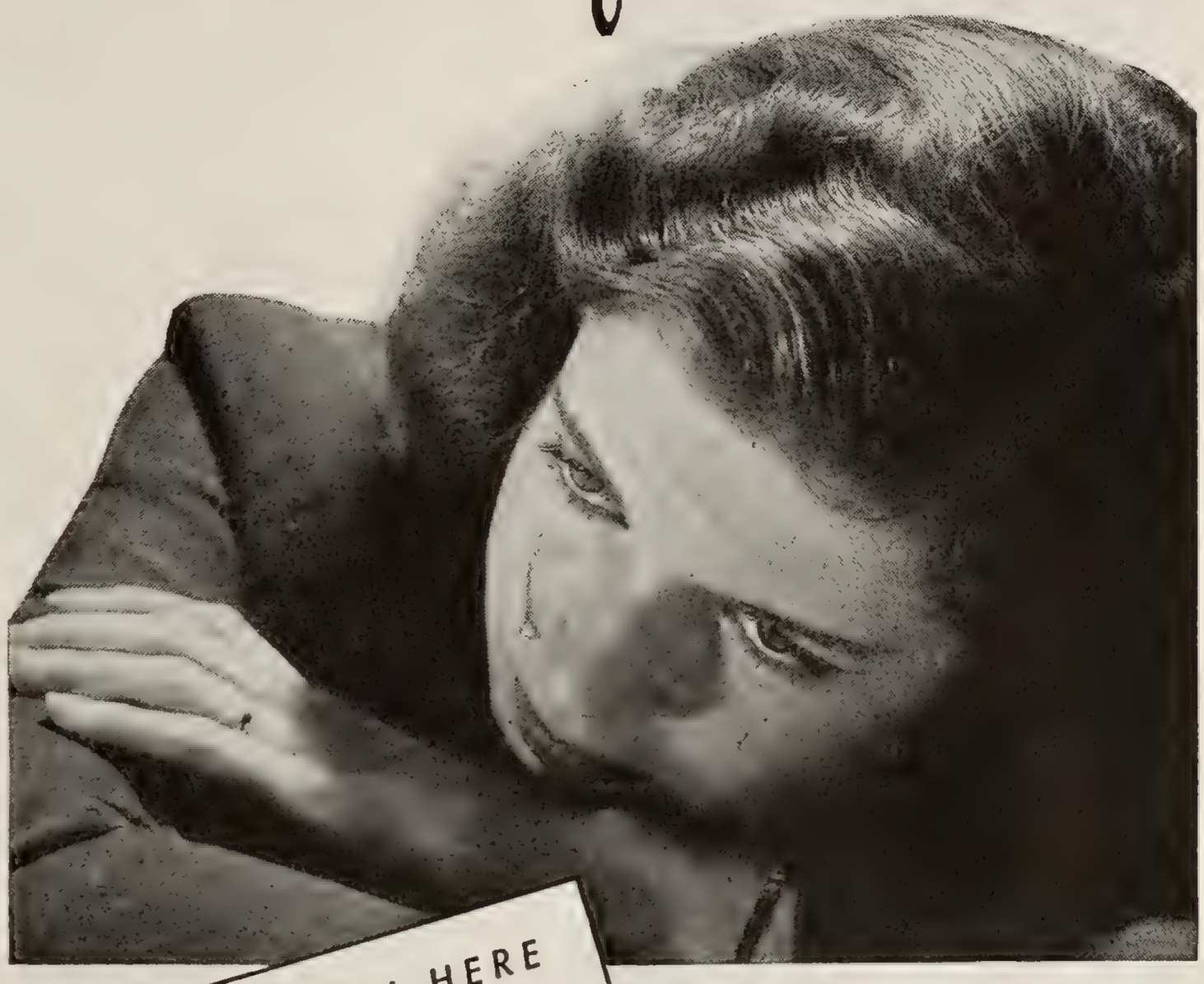

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R. P.

MUD—OR STARS?

Dear Papa David:

Life certainly can be beautiful. My gallant mother taught that to her brood many years ago. My father was an embittered man who failed to provide adequately for his five children. Sometimes, he begrudged us the food we ate. I can recall a whole week when the only food in the house was that provided by faithfully laying hens. There was no bread. We even ran out of salt. During this time my mother kept us out of school for fear we'd faint.

AT the end of the week she took us for a short walk in the park next door. She showed us the violets, the pushing ferns; she called our attention to the red bird's song. When we reached home again she nodded toward the shadow made by a telephone pole. It was long and straight and slim. "Look," she said, "it's just a telephone pole, but see how cool and gray the red earth becomes when it throws a shadow." She smiled upon us. Compassionately because of her awareness of our gnawing stomachs, encouragingly because she knew we had a lesson to learn. "Children, I'm going to quote a bit of Stevenson to you—and I want you to remember it. Always.

"Two men looked out from prison bars—One saw mud, the other stars."

Then she walked to her father's home a mile away. But her step was quick and her head high. Soon a grocer's wagon drew up at our gate.

The following summer days brought fresh beans and tomatoes. Peach trees yielded fruit and the arbor was heavy with grapes. Temporarily, at least, our stomachs were full. Then the annual Chautauqua began. Envied women of the community were asked to take charge of the dining room. In a day when women did not go out to work such service was not only tolerated—it was a privilege. And it paid $2.50 a day. My mother stood at the door and collected meal tickets. At the end of two days she had earned $5.00.

She could have spent the money for drab necessities, but one of my playmates had ridiculed my made-over hat. My mother knew how to silence my tormentors and to heal my wounds. She went into a store and came out with a white silk parasol. Pink chrysanthemums trailed across one side giving life to it. No ruffles marred its beauty. It was simple and unpretentious. When I started off to church the following Sunday my teasing playmate and her satellites hovered about, begging to be permitted to carry it "a piece."

When the dwindling family meets at Christmas no one refers to the poverty of those early years, but some one always asks, "Do you remember how Mama always doctored us with beauty?"

Miss A. E.

A CHILD'S NEED BRINGS JOY

Dear Papa David:

I have been married twenty years, and for several years was so busy working helping my husband get started, building and furnishing a new home that I did not miss children; time for that when we were comfortably settled, we said.

Then one day my sister came to live with us with her little girl three years old. My life changed overnight. I adored her, each day was a joy. My sister worked and my darling was my charge. I took care of her clothes, started her in to school, took her every place with me, listened to all her little troubles, shared in all her joys. When my little sweetheart was eight years old she was stricken with that dread disease, cancer, and was taken from us. I was bitter, resentful. What about God? I could no longer be happy.

Finally I made a decision. Since I haven't had a child, I will adopt one. My husband and I talked to child agencies, they took our names. They could promise nothing. "You must be patient," they said, "we have a long list."

One day one of the workers in the agency came to us. "We don't have a young baby, but we have a little boy nine years old who has been deserted, mistreated, neglected, who is starved for affection, and needs understanding. We feel he would fit into your home."

The trials have been many. It is not easy to cope with habits already formed in a child this old. We had to build faith in us. He was without confidence in anyone or anything, unable to talk to us freely, afraid, wanting to belong, but so unsure of himself. We told him from the beginning "the stork only made a mistake, he dropped you at the wrong house, but we finally found you." We have seen our adopted son blossom from a thin, unhappy boy without friends, who did not know how to play or be a natural American "kid," to a strong, happy boy with many friends, a good athlete excelling in sports, winning trophies, his room filled with footballs, basketballs, coming in and out yelling, "Mom, Dad, where are you?"

He is now nineteen years old, in the proud service of our Navy. He will soon be home where Mother and Dad who love him deeply are waiting.

Mrs. E. B.

MEMORY OF CAROLE

Dear Papa David:

A really fine person sometimes becomes the ideal of a whole community. Thereby setting the example of perfect womanhood or perfect manhood for thousands of people. Hollywood for instance builds up an ideal personality for each of its stage and screen stars. I knew one of these stars, one in particular that seemed to have ideal qualities both on and off the screen. Let me tell you about her.

She was first off sincere, she spoke her mind whether the person she was speaking to liked it or not. She had grace and a deep interesting warmth for everyone she met. I could not help but feel like a wonderful person after I had talked to her just a few seconds. She made me feel important. Everyone in Hollywood loved her, both women and men. Her vivaciousness made you always want to join in the fun she was having.

I remember once Bill, my husband and a few friends were invited over by her husband for a game of skeet shooting. I went along for the ride, but mostly I think to meet this idol of stage and screen. I had heard she was a peroxide blonde and that she forever wore flashy clothes. Imagine my surprise when I found a slim sunburned girl in dungarees digging in her front garden. She had a kerchief around her hair and when she finally removed it a

few hours later in front of the roaring fireplace I beheld the most natural spun gold hair I had ever seen. It was like a child's hanging straight over her shoulders. She curled up on the end of her husband's armchair, never once speaking or interrupting his conversation. These two had found something beautiful together. They had found the true meaning of happiness. They understood each other, something rare in Hollywood for he was a screen star also. A very popular one. When later on I found myself alone with her in the dressing room, I put the question to her direct. "How in the world do you manage to look so happy all the time?" I got a direct answer. "I am happy all the time. I feel that life is short and beautiful and I expect to get out of it exactly what I put into it." She rumpled my hair and said, "Come, my friend, put on these pants and I'll show you how to dig up turnips. The feel of the soil gives you life and new sprung hopes."

Mrs. J. F. duT.

"NURSING IS A PROUD PROFESSION"

Dear Papa David:

Ever since I can remember I have wanted to be a nurse, but at times, the realization of my dream seemed almost impossible. As the eldest of four children, my delicate mother depended on me a great deal, and when in my second year of high school, she became very ill, I had to leave school to care for her and our home.

ONE day the high school principal came to see me. He had known that I was eager for an education and was sorry to see me give it up. But he had not lost sight of our little family, and when he was sure that our routine was under control, he suggested that I finish my high school course by Government Correspondence School. Although the course was by no means easy, the teachers in the Capitol took so much personal interest, and were so helpful in any difficulties that arose, I won my diploma the same year as my former classmates.

By this time, mother was a lot better, and my second sister agreed to take over the home management and finish *her* schooling, by correspondence. I was accepted as a probationer. What a thrill, the day I started my training! But there were to be many tears mixed with my thrills during the next three years. The first death I witnessed—a nine-months-old baby whose parents had waited ten long years for his coming. There were happy moments, too. The look of joy on a young girl's face. The deep peace and beauty on the faces of the aged when they slip into their well-earned rest. There was humor, too. I remember the very excited expectant father who rushed into the hospital one night and fainted before he could tell us that his wife was in the car outside. We had him on a stretcher and on the way to the emergency ward when his wife sauntered in and explained that *she* was supposed to be the patient.

Then one lovely May afternoon I stood, with my thirty classmates and repeated the Florence Nightingale Pledge. In the front row of the auditorium, I could see my parents' glowing faces as I received my diploma, and the prize for surgical nursing. To add to my cup of happiness, my sister was seated with the Junior year nurses.

Mrs. M. W.

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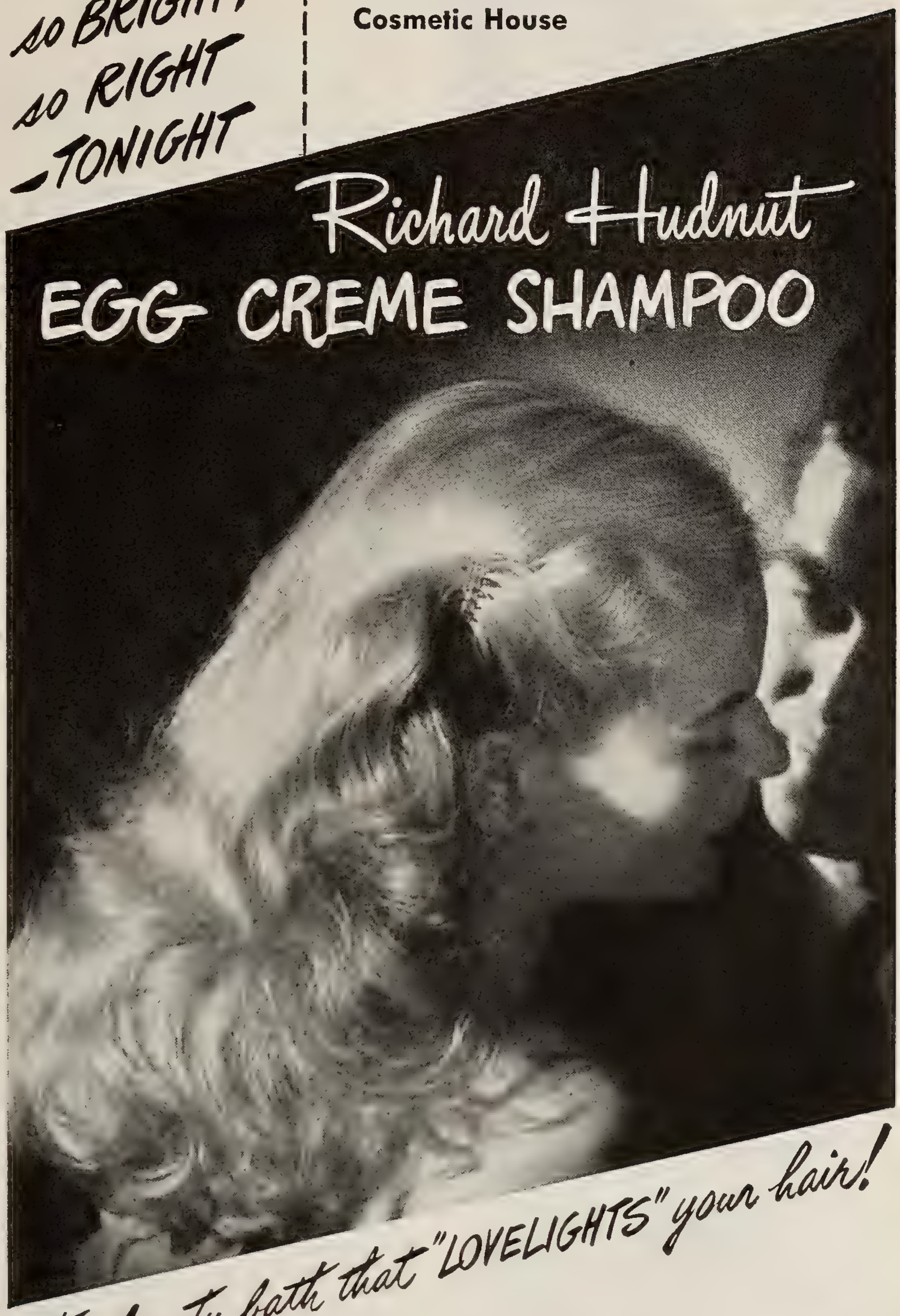

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R M

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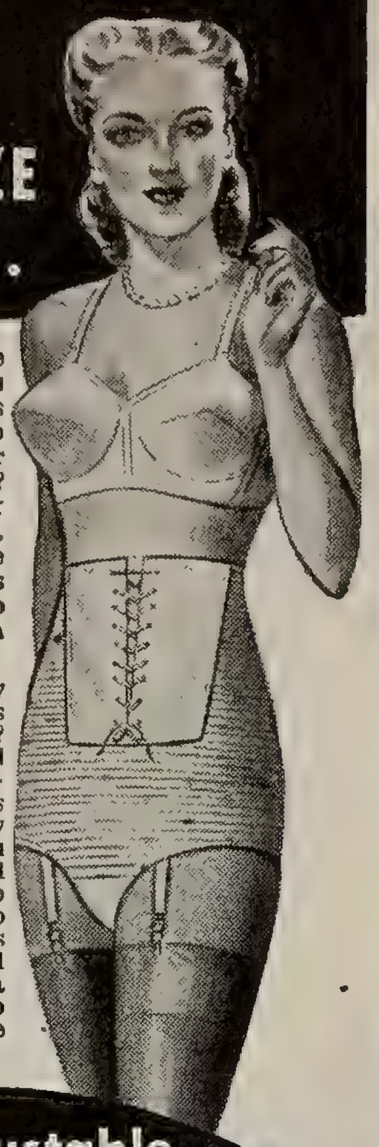

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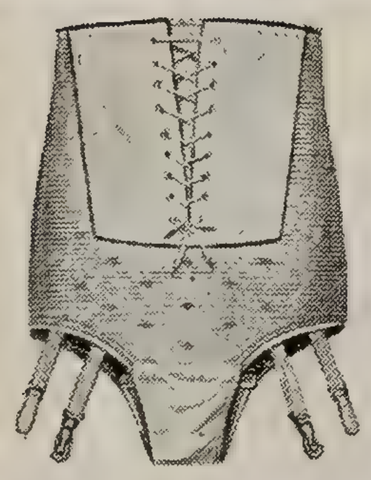

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R M

Everyday King

(*Continued from page 47*)

rise to the occasion and become—in actual truth—a Queen for a Day. There's something about lifting a woman out of the ordinary path of her life and offering her a red carpet for her feet, the robes of royalty for her shoulders, the magic touch of a scepter that will take her where and when she would like to go, the gift of her most secret desire—something that seems to make a woman more gracious, more lovely and more interesting to know.

That's not to say I haven't had some very funny experiences. Even some embarrassing ones.

But never yet have I had to come home and, in talking over the evening with Helen, my wife, had to admit that that day's Queen was one I would rather not have met. I've liked them all and I can only hope they have found me a pleasant host.

IT would be impossible to say which Queen was my favorite. But I can tell you the most vivid impression I retain is the sweet little lady, ninety-two years young, who wound up the evening riding in a buckboard in the grand parade around the tanbark of Gene Autry's Rodeo. I'll never forget the way she sat there, so straight and regal and so self-possessed, in spite of the thousands of eyes focused on her and the cheers resounding from the huge ring of the amphitheater—her eyes tear-bright with happiness and the excitement of this most unexpected, undreamed-of honor. Life hadn't passed her by—there was still this wonderful moment.

My daily routine goes something like this:

Up early in the mornings (even though my business hours end usually around one a.m. I have learned that sleeping late in the mornings is just a fond, foolish dream. Not with my two-and-a-half-year-old son Michael exerting all the force of his charm and his fists to get me up)—helping Helen around the apartment, catching up on the newspapers and the radio shows and answering my mail. Then a walk with Michael or a roughhouse with him on rainy days, before I leave for the studio.

Although it isn't absolutely necessary, I like to be backstage all during the broadcast so I have a chance to observe the contestants and study them. The plans for entertainment are flexible enough so I can switch them at the last moment, depending on the age and tastes and individuality of the Queen herself.

And when the judges pick the lucky lady for the day, I am on hand to step out and lead her—robes and all—down the low, curving staircase from the stage of the Earl Carroll Theatre—down through the audience of her subjects and out to the waiting limousine.

Our first step from there is lunch at Tom Breneman's Restaurant. Her Majesty leaves her robes of state at Earl Carroll's since they would only get in her way, but she keeps her huge spray of roses—and with that badge of office and with the heraldic emblem of the Queen on her limousine, wherever she goes that day she is the center of attention.

It is very rarely that a Queen has come to the broadcast alone, so her friend or husband or mother—whoever is with her—is invited to come along. Also with us at this first step are usually one or two of the other, unluckier, contestants who placed second or third or fourth.

I make it a practice during lunch to say very little. In the first place, the Queen is in a dither. She's up there in the clouds and she just wants to go over the whole amazing half-hour—just what Jack Bailey, the Queen-for-a-Day master of ceremonies, said to her when he stopped by her table with the microphone—how astounded she was when Jack decided that her wish made her a contestant and ushered her up to the stage—how frightened or how calm or how excited or how unbelieving she was during her interview on the program—how Jack Bailey teased her *in front of all those people!*—and how could it possibly have happened—*to her!*—that she should be chosen Queen!

This is my chance to get to know them without their realizing I am studying them. If a Queen looks too frail to walk much, I change the plans for the studio tour—not so much walking over the miles of studio lots and sets; more time to sit quietly in the sound stage watching the shooting of a picture.

If she's young enough, or the kind who likes to dance, I decide on an evening spot with a roomy dance floor and a good orchestra. If she's more quiet or more shy or along in years, then it calls for a switch in plans to an opening night or a good revue or a play, with just a stop-over at a night club to give her a good view of the Hollywood glamor spots.

It doesn't always work out so neatly.

Of the four ministers' wives I have escorted, none have demurred at the night club and one thoroughly enjoyed the first champagne of her life. Some of the older ladies have been the best and most enthusiastic dancers. A couple of the younger ones have just wanted a quiet theater where they could hold hands with their boy-friends.

NOT to speak of the eighty-four-year-old great-grandmother who brought both of her daughters—both grandmothers, themselves—along with her to Don the Beachcomber's. Every now and then one of her anxious children would lean over to her and say, "You all right, mama?" to which she would reply, stoutly—"Don't you worry none about me. Just because you can't take it is no reason I can't." The rich, exotic Hawaiian-Chinese cuisine of the famous restaurant she ate with great gusto and the special rum-and-pineapple drinks she sipped as if they were nothing new in her life (though I knew they *were*). And when the evening was ended she was still raring to go; believe me, if all the clubs hadn't been closed by that time I would have liked to, too. We were having a wonderful time.

By the time lunch is over, the Queen is a little more collected and able to look forward to the day's program I outline to her. Of course, her wishes are always consulted.

The studio tour comes next. The Queens do appreciate this. Many of them are tourists and they know, because they've tried, the absolute impossibility of getting inside those big motion-picture studio gates on their own. These tours are a privilege the movie companies rarely grant.

Let's say it's the day Queen Greta

McDonough and I, accompanied by her husband, toured Warner Brothers. It might just as well be RKO or Paramount or any of the others, but we take them in turn.

From the minute our limousine draws up to the entrance, Queen Greta knows that she is, indeed, a personage. She is expected. A phone call from the uniformed officer at the desk: The Queen is on her way! A studio man comes in a hurry to lead us through the office corridors and out onto the sets. A peek at the cutting room, where the sound and film tracks are synchronized, then on to the sound stage.

The huge, lofty barn-like rooms are in what seems—at first glance—to be a maelstrom of confusion. But Queen Greta soon realizes the business-like method running through all this confusion; the masquerade-costumed extras chattering away, drifting around the stage—yet always on hand when the director yells "On stage, everybody!"

She meets the beautiful young star Janis Paige and that great comedian and star, Jack Carson.

THEN we walk. Down one street and up another of stage settings, some of which she recognizes as backgrounds for pictures she has seen. Onto another, an outdoor woodland setting, where she has a chance to meet and talk with Shirley Temple.

Our promenade over, Queen Greta is driven to Perc Westmore's nationally-known beauty salon.

This is strictly a woman's world and I have to take it from my wife, who knows about such things, that the treatment and the shampoos and the make-up and such the Queen gets here are not only a welcome hour of relaxation in her big day, but also just what the doctor ordered for her morale, to set her up smartly for the evening.

At five-thirty the limousine again picks up the beautified Queen—and we're off!

This is a good time to mention that we always insist on a third party for our evening's date. Usually it is the Queen's husband, sometimes a member of her family or just a friend. If Her Majesty's husband is working and she has no friend available for that night, Helen comes along. As a matter of fact, my wife frequently comes, anyway . . . whenever we can get a baby-sitter for little Michael.

It was on such an evening that Helen and I met a couple who have become very good friends of ours. The Queen brought her husband, Lieutenant Jack Reeves, detective on the Los Angeles police force along, and we four discovered mutual interests and hobbies; we were of the same age and liked to do the same things; and a fine friendship has developed.

Back to Queen Greta (what I remember most clearly about her and her husband were their delightful Irish brogues).

At Don the Beachcomber's that evening we dined on shrimp and spare-rib, roast duckling and rice, with a flaming coffee grog to follow.

Then on to the outdoor Greek Theatre in Griffith Park and to the magnificent production of "Blossom Time."

And we ended the evening by a visit to the "Chanteclair," the newest night spot on Hollywood's famous Sunset Strip.

This is a typical day. We might end it at the Mocambo or the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove or the show at Earl Carroll's. Sometimes it's varied

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by an opening night premiere of a new motion picture at one of Hollywood's huge theaters. Then the Queen knows what it really means to be a celebrity among celebrities. Her chauffeur expertly glides the limousine up through the crowds of autograph hunters—her eyes are dazzled by the enormous spotlights swinging back and forth before the entrance, lighting up the skies—she walks down the long carpet from sidewalk to lobby in company with all the famous folk of stage and radio and screen.

I've never yet met a Queen who couldn't "take" it. Who didn't hold herself a little more proudly than usual—who didn't make *me* proud to be seen in her company.

I have said before there were embarrassing moments. Such as the Queen with the hiccoughs.

That whole day was a riot of laughs and the unexpected. She was such a good sport about it all—she couldn't help herself and she wasn't going to let a little thing like that spoil her fun.

THESE were no ordinary hiccoughs; not properly hiccoughs at all. Years ago she had been wallpapering a ceiling of her home and knocked a vertebra loose in her back. It had been doctored, but not entirely successfully, so that every time she turned her head a certain way—she hiccoughed. And loudly. Whoppingly.

On the broadcast, the radio audience was in hysterics—the Queen laughing as hard as anyone else. At the General Service Studios lot that day we ran into Zasu Pitts who had just acknowledged the introduction and was smiling, friendly—when the hiccough came. For once the famous Zasu Pitts hands were absolutely motionless. Her usually so-expressive face was frozen with surprise.

At Ciro's practically the same thing happened. We met Carmen Cavallaro, the orchestra leader, in the night club foyer. Now Cavallaro has always gone out of his way to make Her Majesty a welcome visitor; he has a high regard for the radio show and for the idea that all women should have the chance to be Queens once in their lives. So the hiccough came as a nasty shock to him. He was being extremely friendly as he said "hello" and for just a moment —as he told me afterwards—he thought this nice-appearing lady was crudely stating her feelings about him in a kind of raucous Bronx cheer.

One of the most interesting Queens was a girl from China. Her mother was French and Russian; her father was Greek; and she had lived all her life in the Orient. During the war she had been a nurse in a Chinese hospital there.

This was one Queen I did not have to entertain. She entertained *me*—with the fascinating story of her life and marriage. It seemed that while she was still at the hospital, after the war, she met a young American soldier in the Army Intelligence. They had met, though she didn't know it at the time, because he had been *detailed to watch her,* to observe her actions and see if there was anything suspicious about a person with her odd background.

They fell in love. He asked his Colonel for permission to marry her—but instead Army Intelligence assigned an FBI man to watch them both.

It all ended happily. The investigator was satisfied they were just two nice kids in love and she was no Mata Hari. And he—the FBI man—was best man at their wedding!

Her request on the broadcast was to get a job so she could help out their finances so her husband could continue his college studies. But she had another request to make of me. Wistfully she asked if I knew of anyone in Hollywood who spoke Chinese. She was homesick for the sound of the tongue.

This was one time I almost failed in my duties to a Queen. So sure was I that one of the waiters or captains or headwaiters at Don the Beachcomber's, who were Hawaiian or Chinese, could talk with her—that I promised rashly.

But I didn't know about dialects. No one at Don the Beachcomber's spoke Chinese as she did. They were used to the Cantonese and she wasn't. I was about to give up, when a bus boy in the kitchen was found who came from the same part of China she did. And I drew a long breath of relief at the sight of Queen and bus boy happily chattering away for dear life in the familiar tongue both had missed so sorely.

I have been host to four pairs of twins, who had won the royal scepter jointly for the day. I have also been host to a record mother—a woman married less than two years and who had five children at home. A set of triplets and one of twins. And could she dance!

The youngest Queen I ever squired was fifteen-and-a-half Janet Blair who won a trip to Tucson, Arizona, as her big prize for the day. We were all astounded to hear from her six months later and to learn that she had met a young Army lieutenant on that trip and married him!

I get frequent letters from ex-Queens. (Also, once in a while, from would-be Queens who even offer bribes to get the coveted role. It's sometimes hard to convince cynical people that a radio contest is on the up-and-up—but I know, personally, five hundred women who will vouch for that.) None of the ex-Queens have failed to say how much this great event has meant to them. They are especially kind to me—during the meat shortage one sent me an enormous ham and ten pounds of butter from her own farm. Another presented me with several white shirts when the stores simply didn't have any. Helen has received gifts—a pretty silver bracelet, and clothes and toys for Michael. A husband of a Queen, whose hobby it was, carved a small wooden head of me.

Swell people.

THERE are oddities about my job most people wouldn't think of. For instance, I must always carry an extra tie and a man's coat in the car. Most night clubs require this concession to dressing up, even in informal Hollywood—and frequently a husband or a boy-friend is unable to get home and back between the broadcast (where he might naturally go tie-less and open-shirted) and the round of the evening's pleasures.

I have what amounts to about one hundred and fifty dollars spending account—just for tips alone. When ten or fifteen minutes might throw us completely off our busy schedule, it's important to reward headwaiters and waiters for their prompt attention and quick service to our table.

It's still a little surprising to me to find myself in such an extraordinary job. I didn't start out to make a career of playing host. You might say

warmed up to it gradually—starting out in the publicity and public relations department of a big cigarette manufacturer for three years; then doing publicity, and just before I did my stretch in the Navy—public relations with a big chewing gum company!

My Navy career ended abruptly, during the war, in San Diego. Stationed in the Naval Hospital there, I contracted a fever from the overseas shots which affected my heart and which prompted the Navy to give me a discharge. My ticker is as good as ever now, but they couldn't take a chance on me.

From San Diego I came to Hollywood and to the USO. For three years there I was Associate Director, and I guess I can say I learned about women—if any mere man can be so rash—from there. During that time I was in charge of some three thousand girls, who came and went, acting as hostesses.

IT was also there that I met Helen and was lucky enough to persuade her to marry me. She was a volunteer worker in charge of the Sunday Information Desk of the USO, with five girls under her in her shift, at the time.

I thought I had an interesting job there at the canteen—booking orchestras and shows, providing entertainment for all the lonely servicemen who flowed in and out of Hollywood—being master-of-ceremonies for some seven hundred different shows there—introducing acts—helping to run the whole busy, complex place. But I didn't realize what was in store for me—afterwards.

Johnny Masterton, who produced Breakfast in Hollywood, was a fellow-member with me of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. We became friends. He knew that with the war over I would be looking around—preferably in the field of publicity and public relations. It was through him that I was introduced to the Raymond Morgan Agency, the agency that handles the program, Queen for a Day.

Then came the offer. And I was stumped.

Public relations—yes—*but what kind of public relations was this?*—escorting a different woman five nights a week on a gay whirl of social activities? Cautiously I sounded them out—what about the other men who had been playing host before me? There had been others. Several of them. And they had all weakened. The pace had got them. The free liquor had proved too much in some cases . . . or they had not fully understood that the Day belonged to the Queen and was not just for their own enjoyment.

I took it on a temporary basis. And first I talked it over with Helen.

Hardly a night goes by but either the Queen or her friends doesn't ask me the same question: "But what does your wife think of all this? Isn't she jealous?"

I can only say that my wife is a very wise and understanding woman. She treats my job as a *job*—she trusts me. As a matter of fact, Helen has accompanied me on too many of the evenings not to know that my acquaintance with the Queens is too brief, too busy, too public to allow for any sort of dalliance.

And even if that weren't true, she is well aware that I am as I stated in the beginning—a truly domesticated family man. Our weekends together are never spent in nightclubs. We like to take short trips—to take Michael to the zoo—to go horseback riding in Griffith

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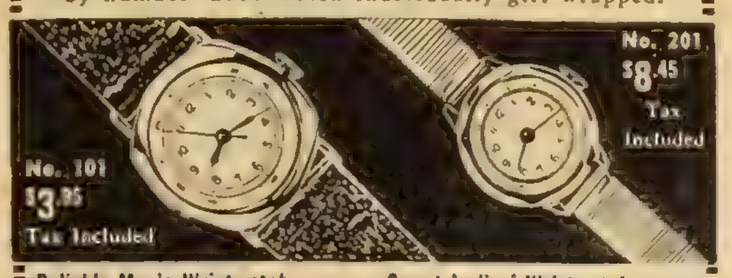

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Park. We like my working hours. Helen claims my job has many advantages over the ordinary business day. What other father gets the chance to know and play with and participate so much in the bringing-up of his son? Most men arrive home just at bedtime for their children—I have the whole morning to be with Michael.

It may sound to you like a gag, but quite often when Helen can't get away for the evening, I call up my mother-in-law to go along. She and I are great friends.

So, with Helen's full approval, I began my new career as host. I have never regretted it. I soon forgot it was to be on a temporary basis only.

If my job is seeing that others have a good time, believe me, the Queens certainly put themselves out to be nice to me, too. I have never yet had a really arrogant or demanding one. I have never had one who was really undignified or who deliberately made a spectacle of herself or me.

THEY'VE given me some wonderful memories. Their generosity, their quick kindnesses, their sense of humor have been wonderful to know. They have prescribed for my colds and fished aspirin out of their handbags if I might, by chance, have a headache. They tell me their troubles and they want to know mine.

So many of their wishes—the wishes that get them nominated as Queens on the program—are not for themselves but for others. For a Seeing-Eye dog for a blind little-girl neighbor; for help for someone in trouble.

Then there are the odd wishes. Like the Scotch bride who came to this country to meet her new soldier-husband and was ashamed to write back to her mother about the unfriendliness of the Americans. It seems that in Scotland a new bride is welcomed at the railway station by the full skirl of bagpipes—and there hadn't been a single kilt in sight as she left the train in America. So—to make her little fib to her mother good—Queen for a Day helped her completely re-enact her meeting with her husband—complete with bagpipers, kilts and all.

Lovely Jeri Demick wanted to be a model—and so she is, every day on the Queen program, modeling the dresses the Queen gets as part of her booty.

On the day I escorted Queen Greta I also learned of the request of Miss Ruby Stauffer, one of the losing contestants. She had asked for a male escort *not in uniform* to the Hollywood Bowl. Several nights before she and her mother had been stopped by a policeman late at night, who was concerned by two lone women driving around Hollywood at one-thirty in the morning. When the officer learned they were here on vacation and knew no one, he informed them it was an official order that they be ready next Saturday night and the police force, itself, would accompany them to Hollywood Bowl. While Miss Stauffer appreciated the kindness, she had a vision of people looking for the handcuffs if she walked down aisles entirely surrounded by uniformed cops.

Queen Greta had won with the wish that she and her husband could be alone, for once. It seems that even on their honeymoon some years ago, a brother-in-law had come along.

Yes, they are wonderful people—all kinds of people—the nicest, most interesting women I have ever known. *To the Queens!—long may they reign!*

Ozzie Takes a Tuck in Time

(*Continued from page 27*)

is my favorite! And now I'll never find out how he got out of that rocket ship when his X-Ray supersonic guns jammed on him. And his radar screen punctured by mosquitoes!"

At the dinner table that evening Ozzie was still going strong on the subject of punctuality. And the family began to realize this was not a passing indignation; this was to be a resolute upheaval in the habits of the whole Nelson household—if they weren't careful.

"It's one of the most important virtues a person can possess," he expounded to the obediently-listening Harriet and Ricky and David. "Look what terrible things can happen when you're late. A battle lost for the want of a nail! You miss a train and your whole life could be changed. You come late to the office and you get fired from the job. A young man comes an hour late for his date and his girl marries someone else."

"BUT I didn't," protested Harriet. "Marry someone else, I mean. And it wasn't an hour—it was two weeks."

Ozzie winced. "That's just what I mean. What you have suffered all these years because of my thoughtlessness!"

"Oh, Ozzie." And Harriet broke into her infectious, chiding laugh. "We love you, just as you are, don't we, fellows?"

But the boys looked meaningfully at each other. This conversation had opened up new avenues of thought for them.

David spoke up. "There's something in it, Mom. Our teacher makes us stay after school if we aren't there on time. And it just came to me that if I didn't have to wash my face and ears in the morning, I'd never be late. I think getting places is more important than getting clean don't you, Ricky?"

But Harriet squelched this mutiny firmly. "It's possible to do both, you know, boys."

"Your Mother's right, David. Just allow plenty of time for everything you need to do. Nothing comes of putting things off to the last moment. If people know they can expect you on time, they begin to respect you and look up to you. When you walk down the street they say 'there he goes—you can set your watch by that Ozzie Nelson!'"

"Now they say—'there he goes . . . my goodness! it must be the middle of the morning and the ironing not done yet!'"

Ozzie gave Harriet a reproachful look. "Well, I've turned over a new leaf. I should think my family would appreciate it."

"Oh, we do!" hastily. "Don't we, fellows?" And Harriet quickly changed the subject. "I think we have a dinner date with the Andersons tomorrow night. Didn't you say the boys were invited, too?"

"Yes—and I know John Anderson said 6:30 dinner, so let's bear that in mind."

After dinner Ozzie strolled across the lawn to see his neighbor, Thornberry, to line up their usual Saturday morning golf game.

But Thorny got in the first word—and the second—and the third.

"—and for Pete's sake, Ozzie, let's try to get there before the course is

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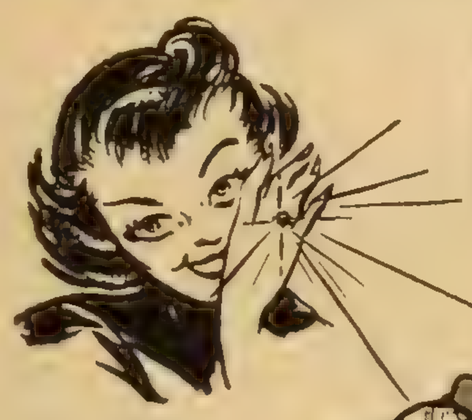

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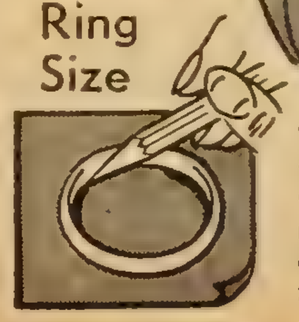

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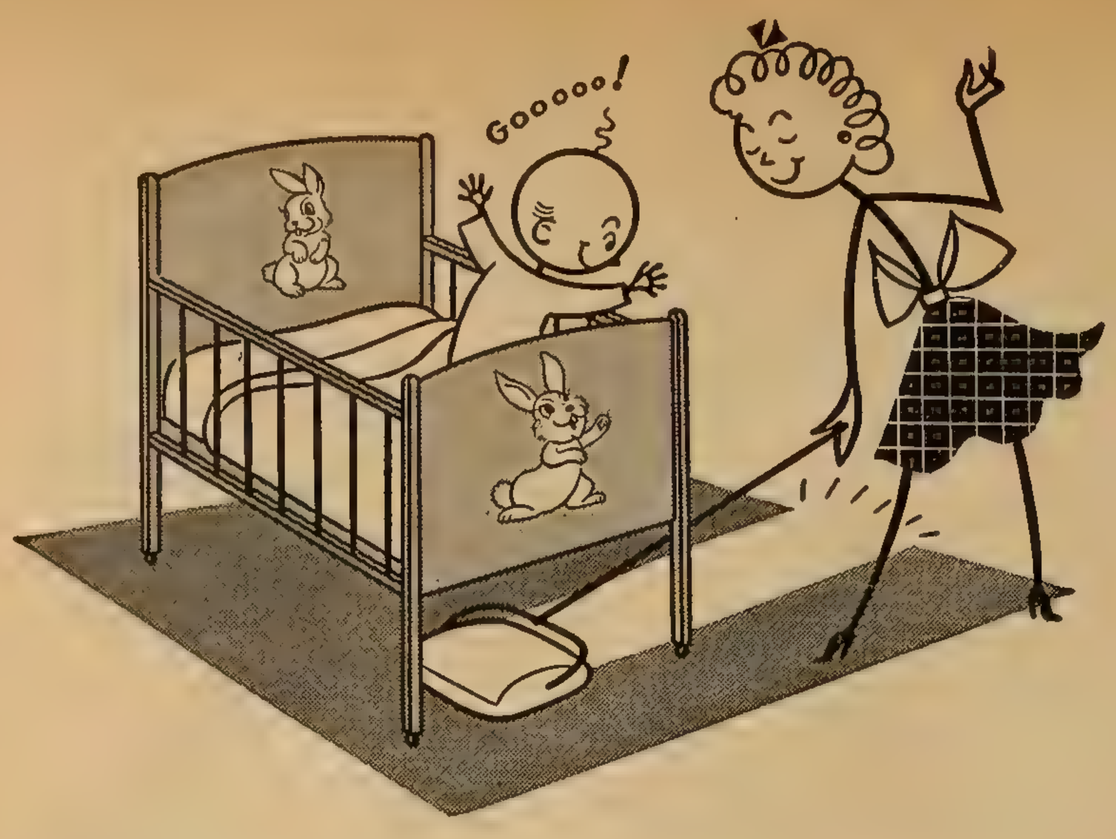

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crowded with people. Every Saturday we're late and we have to wait for the foursomes to go first, and then we get up to the first hole and you have to brush away every darned ant and shave away every blade of grass before you putt! Just for once—just for the sake of my sanity—try to get up on time. I've got every inch of your gravel driveway scraped up, pitching pebbles at your bedroom window."

Ozzie had been trying manfully to stem the tide of words. Now he succeeded. "Not this Saturday morning! Thorny, you see before you a new Ozzie Nelson—"

"What, again?"

"—and tomorrow morning I'll be getting up under my own steam. You won't have to come over and holler for me, Thorny."

"At six o'clock in the morning you're going to get up—by yourself?"

Ozzie sighed. Where was man's faith in man? "Thorny, you have no ideals. You have no vision. You're an evil man, Thorny—but you just wait and see!"

And sure enough, for once, Ozzie didn't forget to set the alarm for six o'clock. It was true that Harriet did have to shake him and hold the ringing clock right under his ear to wrench him out of sleep—but, just the same, it was only five minutes after six when Ozzie staggered out of bed and into his shower.

ONCE dressed, he felt wonderful. It was good—there was something early-pioneer-American—in getting up like this at the crack of dawn. And Ozzie felt a fond protectiveness for his family, sleeping away while he was up and energetically about.

He tiptoed out of the room, down the hall and to the stairs.

"Wait a minute." He stopped, with one foot poised to take the first step. "Let me see—is it the first and third and seventh steps that creak? Or is it the even ones? I don't want to make any noise and wake Harriet, now that she's back to sleep—let me see—I'm sure it's the second and fourth. No, maybe it's the fifth, not the fourth—"

Not that fourth step, Ozzie! Be careful of that fourth step! It's too dark for you to see it, but nestling under the tread—right where your foot can't miss it, is a roller skate. Watch it, Ozzie!

"Let me see—hmmmm—I'll try the first—" *creak!* "—darn it, that was the wrong one! The third—no, the fourth, better make it the third—" *creak, crack!* Ozzie held his breath. Had he waked anyone? But there was no sound from the bedrooms. "Now. This time I've gotta be sure. Is it this one or the next—?" For a moment his foot hovered over the fourth step, over the unseen roller skate—jiggled up and down in uncertainty—and then he was safely past. He had picked the fifth.

But, though he had unknowingly missed a roller skate, he unerringly hit every single creaky stair, all the way down.

At the foot of the stairs he listened. But there was still no movement from David or Ricky or Harriet, so he drew a sigh of relief and went on into the kitchen.

What a world! While he squeezed his orange juice, Ozzie looked happily out of the kitchen window at the first streaks of rosy dawn lightening the sky and outlining in sharp, clean, fresh strokes the houses and well-kept lawns and white fences of the neighborhood. What a difference it made, seeing it like this! Ozzie inhaled deeply, ex-

panding his chest. He felt like an early bird, getting his orange juice.

Carrying his glass of juice, Ozzie retraced his steps. He had forgotten sweater and golf clubs upstairs.

"This time it'll be easy. I just have to count back and remember which steps were the ones that creaked—let me think, I hit the first from the top and the third and the fifth, or was it the sixth?" He looked up the staircase and tried to remember. It was still very dark in here, in the inside hall of the house. "I distinctly recall it was the third to the last step—I was counting—but wait a minute!—did I count the floor as one step when I came down or didn't I?" Hesitantly he poised a foot, wavered it back and forth, and then retreated again.

"Pull yourself together, man," he told himself, sternly. "You gotta take a chance!"

So saying he plunged ahead up—*creak, creak, creak*—up the stairs—the tenth step, the eighth, the sixth, the fourth—*no! he's missed the fourth!* he's vaulted by and is safe on second!

Again he paused and listened. Again no sounds of awakening. He crept softly into the bedroom, retrieved his golf-bag, stuffed his sweater into the top of it, and, carrying golf-bag in one hand and orange juice in the other—congratulating himself on his Indian-like stealth—he came back to the staircase.

THIS time he had no need to worry. Those creaking steps are etched in his mind. No need to count. Just walk on down—down——

CRASH! And the whole house shook with the reverberations. Thump, bump! went Ozzie and golf-bag and roller skate over and over down the length of the stairs.

The front door flew open. Bedroom doors banged. Footsteps rushed along the upstairs hall.

"Ozzie—what happened? Are you hurt?" Harriet peered around the stairwell.

Two small faces squeezed through the bannisters.

"Good for Pop! Ricky—I told you Pop would find that roller skate for us!"

"Ozzie—what happened?"

But it was Thorny who answered—Thorny who had come through the front door just in time to see Ozzie and golf bag rolling down the stairs—Thorny who was helping the recumbent early American to his feet.

"It's nothing, Harriet. He should know better than to try to drink a glass of orange juice when he's falling down stairs!"

"Just the same," groaned Ozzie, as he limped out the door, "we're going to be on time for your golf game."

And so they were. Or, that is, they would have if been they hadn't run out of gas. Right in front of a gas station, too. But then, how was Ozzie to know that that particular gas station didn't open up in the mornings until seven-thirty?

All in all, it wasn't too good a beginning.

But never let it be said that a Nelson backed down at the first wayward turn of Fate. He had set his shoulder to the wheel; he had put his feet in the path of punctuality; his face was to the clock; he had turned over a new leaf. He'd be on time if it killed him.

Back at the house after the golf game he went in search of Harriet for comfort, but she was busy in the kitchen. It was on the tip of his tongue to ask

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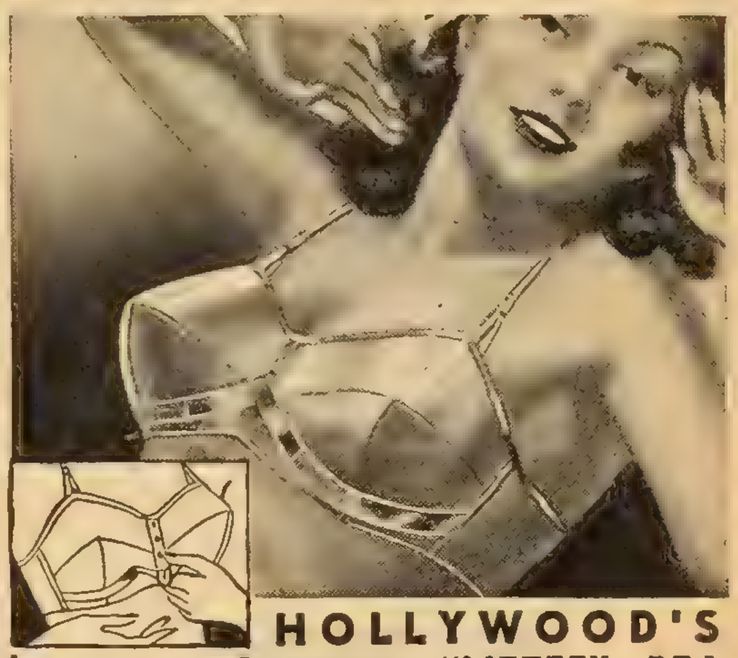

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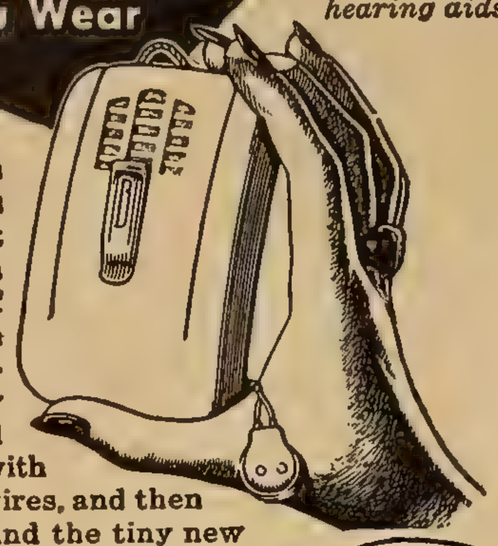

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her to postpone lunch until he had taken a short nap and soothed his aching muscles, but he stopped just in time. He had a presentiment that sometime in his lecture of last night, he had mentioned having meals on time from now on. A hasty shower helped some, but he was still groggy as he sat down to lunch.

"Pop, do we get our allowances today?" Ricky piped up before Ozzie could swallow his first mouthful.

"Guess you'll have to wait until Monday, boys. I haven't any change."

Two pairs of eyes stabbed at him. "But that's two days late," they pointed out. *"Late!"* accused David, ominously.

"Okay, okay. I'll go down to the drugstore right after lunch and change a dollar bill," he promised hastily.

"You'd better change a five, dear," Harriet spoke up. "I'm going to Mildred Bell's wedding shower this afternoon and we're all chipping in to pay for the tea-set for her."

"Are you going out this afternoon?" A frown creased Ozzie's forehead. "Don't forget we have that dinner date with the Andersons this evening. We mustn't be late."

"OH, I have plenty of time," Harriet assured him. "I'll be back by five and we don't have to be there until six-thirty. There'll be time to get the boys and myself ready. Your cuff-links are on top of the dresser and your socks are all mended and in your top drawer so we won't have to rush—oh, by the way, is there gas in the car? We don't want that to make us late for dinner."

Ozzie looked at her suspiciously. Had Thorny said something to her? "I filled it this morning, Harriet," he answered, with dignity.

After his quick trip to the drugstore and the paying out of allowances, Ozzie had the house to himself. Harriet had gone to her wedding shower and the boys were out in the back, playing football.

He tried to be calm. There were five hours to pass before Harriet would return. It was no use worrying. They didn't, actually, have to leave the house before six-ten to get to the Andersons promptly for dinner.

But still Ozzie worried.

Somehow, he didn't feel his family were taking his new resolution as seriously as he was. Or, rather, they didn't realize for themselves how fleeting time was—how important it was to snatch old Time by the forelock and make hay while the sun shone. Restlessly, Ozzie prowled through the house.

He stopped to look out the back window. No, the boys certainly didn't seem concerned. At least, shouldn't they come in once in a while and glance at the clock, or ask him what time it was? Ozzie looked, himself. It was only two-thirty—but still he couldn't get over his presentiment that unless they were all careful something—anything—might happen to delay them for the dinner.

Don't put off until tomorrow—why not, don't put off until five o'clock?

"David—Ricky—come in here, boys." Ozzie could stand it no longer. Maybe Harriet would be late coming home. Well, there was nothing he could do about that, but at least he could have the boys ready.

"What is it, Pop?"

"Now, listen, fellows. I know it seems early to you and we do still have a couple of hours, but don't you think we should be making preparations for getting ready for dinner? You know

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it is always a rush at the last minute. Let's surprise your mother. Let's all be dressed and ready when she comes home."

"But—gee—it's three hours till five o'clock."

"Only two and a half."

"It wouldn't take me two and a half hours, even if I washed my ears!" Ricky was outraged.

"Well, why not change your clothes and get cleaned up *now* and then play? That way, we won't be taking any chances."

"Okay, Pop," the boys were resigned. "But life certainly is getting difficult around here these days," David added, gloomily.

In a fine glow of purposeful activity, Ozzie supervised the boys' cleaning-up, hurrying between bathroom and bedroom until he was satisfied they were at the stage where they could handle the rest themselves. Then he hied himself to his own room and to changing his own clothes.

He whistled as he dressed, feeling buoyed up with the sense of things accomplished, with the righteous spirit of a man who keeps a resolution. This was the way to live—no dilly-dallying around—no wasting of precious moments. Be beforehand.

Which tie should he wear? His hand went to the tie-rack, selecting one, rejecting it, considering another. Then he remembered. There was that special tie he had bought and never worn because it seemed too loud. Now bright orange polka-dots seemed the perfect, the final touch he wanted to celebrate this day.

"All ready, boys?"

The three of them met at the head of the stairs and marched down, slightly self-conscious in their best suits and shining faces, their buttoned-up shirts in the middle of a Saturday afternoon. Into the living room they marched and all three sat down.

"WELL?" Ozzie felt uncomfortable, uneasy, as the boys sat and looked at him. "What's the matter?"

"What do we do now?" David asked. "We can't go out and play in the fort. We'll get dirty."

"It's up to you, Pop." Ricky folded his arms.

"Uh—let's see—no, David!—don't play with your train—" David had made a motion toward the cupboard. "You'll get your hands greasy. Let's see. I know what, boys—let's tell ghost stories."

"In the middle of the day? When it's so light? How can you get scared?"

"That's right. Well, then, let's—Ricky, sit up straighter. You're getting your shirt collar wrinkled."

Ozzie's own collar was wilting slightly. He was beginning to lose that fine edge of enthusiasm. It was hot and uncomfortable, sitting so stiffly and carefully—and with two hours more of this stretching out ahead of them.

He had an inspiration.

"How about a game of checkers?"

They just looked at him. David sank his chin into his hand.

"Well, what did you do in school today?" brightly.

"Wasn't any. It's Saturday."

"Oh. I'll tell you what—let's go up in the attic and stack up magazines and tie them for your paper drive at school. You want your class to win the prize, don't you?"

The response to this was less than eager, but still the boys did trail up after him. Ozzie congratulated him-

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self. There would be no running and jumping around, nor getting into dirt, and he could watch that they sat on nothing but clean newspapers. This way they were killing two birds with one stone, getting a job done that they had been putting off all week and keeping clean at the same time.

Five o'clock.

"Yoohoo!" Harriet called as she hurried into the house. "Where is everybody? Ozzie — David — Ricky—where are—oh, there you are!" The door to the attic had opened and the three of them came through. "We'd better hurry if—oh, my goodness! Ricky, look at you! David, your new suit—cobwebs all over your collar."

Ozzie took a good look at his sons, astonished. It was true. Even though he was prepared to swear that neither of them had so much as moved from his newspaper-covered seat, yet both were undeniably dirty, undeniably mussed. Yet it had been *he* who had had to rush around that warm attic, lugging bundles of magazines to the boys so they could pile them in neat little stacks; it was *he* who had to lift those stacks, wind them in twine and tie them; he who had smashed his fingers in the knots. Ozzie sighed.

"HARRIET—believe me, we only wanted to get ready early so you wouldn't have to worry about the boys and they'd be out of your way. We were just trying to help, weren't we, fellows?"

Into Harriet's eyes came a twinkle and she laughed.

"That's really sweet of you, Ozzie dear, and I do appreciate it. And it really won't take me long to get their faces washed again and take the dry cleaner to that spot on Ricky's knee and there are more clean shirts for them and that torn button won't take a second and I'm sure the newsprint will come off their hands, if we scrub hard enough."

"Well, at least *I'm* all dressed."

But Harriet gave him a searching look.

"Ozzie, dear—are you going to wear that tie?"

"Why not? Don't you like it?"

Harriet looked at David. David looked at Ricky. Ricky looked at Harriet. All three again exchanged grave looks of confirmation, then closed their eyes and shuddered.

"Okay—okay! I'll change it—I'll do anything! But hurry! We're going to be late!"

They did hurry. While Harriet took charge upstairs, Ozzie paced the hall below, watch in hand, getting more nervous as the minutes flew by. But promptly at ten minutes after six—it seemed almost a miracle—David and Ricky clattered down the stairs, their faces shining clean and their suits neat and pressed, while Harriet hurried behind them, her coat over her arm.

"You see?" Ozzie pointed out to them. "We can be on time, if we really put our minds to it." He held Harriet's coat for her to slip into. "It's just a matter of allowing ourselves plenty of leeway, of planning beforehand. You three go on to the car while I lock up."

This done he rushed down the steps, almost colliding with two firmly-planted figures in his path.

"Ricky—David—come on, fellows! What are you standing here for?"

"Pop, we can't go."

"You can't—" *This was too much.*

Ricky shook his head. "We forgot. This is Saturday and you promised us we could listen to Curly, the Cowboy,

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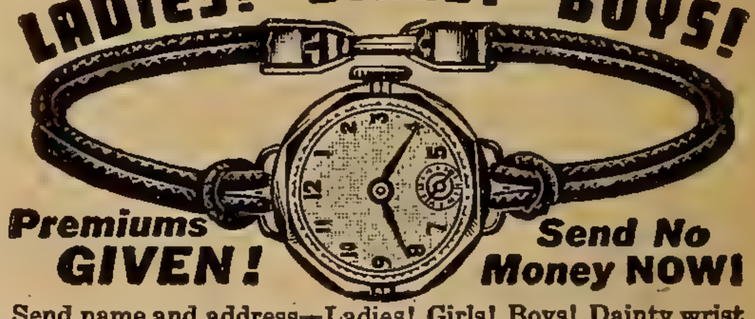

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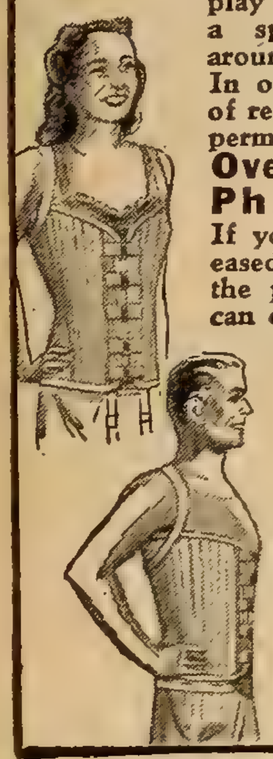

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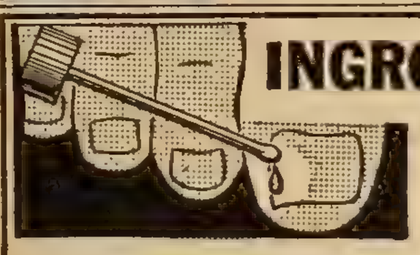

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on the radio. And it goes on at six-fifteen and it will be over by the time we get to Mr. Anderson's, Pop."

Ozzie could hardly speak. Frustration choked his throat. If they waited until after the program, they'd be twenty minutes late for dinner.

"Look, boys—" he pleaded.

"——there's a radio in the car!" Harriet called out. And just in the nick of time.

And so they arrived at the Anderson's—on time.

Or, that is, they would have been there on time—but how was Ozzie to know that you weren't supposed to make a right-hand turn into the Anderson's street against the light, and how could he know that a policeman would be waiting there on the corner?

Still, they were there at seven—if not at six-thirty. Which proves conclusively that you can be punctual if you only set your mind to it.

It is unimportant to the moral of our story and, anyway, Ozzie always stoutly maintained that it was Harriet's fault—that they arrived at the Andersons for dinner on Saturday—and had been invited for Friday.

Ready-made Rooftree

(*Continued from page* 59) proper tools and had to borrow them from a neighbor. That meant carrying them up the hill when we were ready to use them and down again when we finished. Somehow, though, it never seemed to be hard work as much as something we were doing because we enjoyed doing it. At any rate, by the time the house was delivered we had the underbrush and trees cleared away and the ground leveled."

The house consists of three ten-foot units, placed in line and partitioned at one end to form a living room twenty-five feet long and a kitchen five feet wide. "As much of a kitchen as we need," Julie pointed out, "because we like to cook, meats especially, in the fireplace and in summer we do nearly all the cooking on the outdoor grill."

They have put a number of "extras" into the house, of course. The big living room fireplace is one extra, complete screening of doors and windows is another, and so is the insulation which Julie considers essential for year round comfort. Charles, who has a talent for such things, put in the insulation himself, using a commercial insulating board faced with walnut veneer, which gives the effect of solid walnut paneling.

They have maintained the free gracious feeling of the large living room by using a minimum of furniture, much of which Charles designed and built.

The pond is almost an extension of the living room, offering skating in winter, swimming and fishing (four bass, each over two pounds, is the record day's catch) in summer. Then, too, there is the garden where Julie, who has a green thumb, raises the reddest tomatoes and the purplest eggplant you would ever want to see.

But even with all this outdoor playground they want to enlarge the house and this they can do easily by adding on other pre-fabricated units. They haven't decided just how they want to do it; perhaps convert it into a T- or L-shape. Clearing and leveling won't be so difficult or time consuming for the addition as for the first venture, however; their jeep, and the tractor in which they own a half interest will finish it up in no time.

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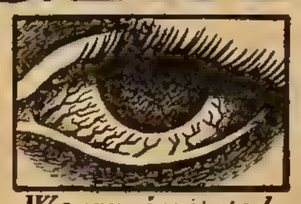
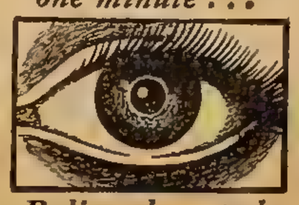


Weary, irritated one minute . . .



Relieved, rested, cleared the next!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Pie is Perfect

(*Continued from page 57*)

and back 30 to 35 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Mississippi Pecan Pie

3 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ cup sugar
1¼ cups dark corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup pecan halves
1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

Combine all ingredients except pastry shell and stir thoroughly. Pour into shell. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes then reduce heat to moderately low (325° F.) and bake 30 minutes or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Lemon Meringue Pie

1½ cups sugar
¼ cup cornstarch
¼ cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling water
3 eggs, separated
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
6 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter
1 9-inch baked pastry shell
6 tablespoons confectioners sugar

Combine sugar, cornstarch, flour and salt in a saucepan; gradually stir in boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens, then continue cooking over low heat for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat egg yolks slightly and add lemon rind and lemon juice. Stir into cooked mixture and cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add butter. When slightly cool pour into pastry shell. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add confectioners sugar gradually, beating constantly until mixture holds its shape. Spread over filling in shell. Bake in a moderately low oven (325° F.) 15 to 20 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Custard Pie

3 eggs
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups milk, scalded
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 8-inch unbaked pastry shell

Beat eggs slightly and stir in sugar, salt and vanilla. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Pour into pastry shell. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes then reduce heat to moderately low (325° F.) and continue baking 25 minutes or until a knife inserted in the center of the pie comes out clean. Makes one 8-inch pie.

For Cocoanut Custard Pie, add 1 cup grated cocoanut to the uncooked mixture, then make as above.

Butterscotch Meringue Tarts

1 recipe Pastry (see above)
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

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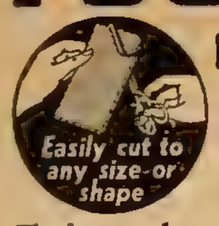

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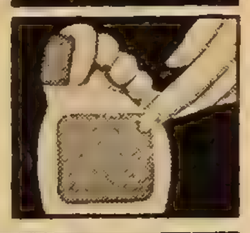

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⅓ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 eggs, separated
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 tablespoons sugar

Roll pastry on a lightly floured board to about ⅛-inch thick. Cut in rounds, allowing for depth of individual tart or muffin tins. Fit pastry over inverted tins and trim edges. Flute edges if desired and prick tarts with a fork. Place pans, pastry side up, on a baking sheet and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Remove from pans and cool. Place shells inside tins to fill and bake.

Mix together brown sugar, flour and salt. Gradually stir in egg yolks and milk. Cook over hot water, stirring frequently until thick. Add butter and vanilla and cool. Pour into baked tart shells. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly until mixture holds its shape. Spread over filling in baked tart shells. Bake in a moderately low oven (325° F.) 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes 4 large or 8 small tarts.

Jam Pinwheels

From left-over scraps of pastry make pinwheels as pictured at the top of the photograph. Pile trimmings in layers and roll out to ⅛-inch thick. Cut with a sharp knife into 3-inch squares. In each square make a cut about 1-inch long, diagonally from each corner towards the center. Place a teaspoonful of your favorite jam in the center of each square. Fold corners towards center, pinwheel fashion. Place pinwheels on a cookie sheet and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 12 minutes or until pastry is lightly browned.

Orange Chiffon Pie

1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
½ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 9-inch baked pie shell

Place gelatin, fruit juices, sugar, salt and egg yolks in top of a double boiler over boiling water. Cook and whip with a rotary beater about 7 minutes or until thick and fluffy. Remove from heat; add orange rind and cool slightly. Whip egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold into cooked mixture. Pile into baked pie shell and chill in refrigerator until firm.

Chocolate Sponge Pie

¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar, divided
3 tablespoons enriched flour
6 tablespoons cocoa
3 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups milk
1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Cream butter; add ⅔ cup of the sugar, and beat until fluffy. Stir in flour and cocoa. Add egg yolks, one at a time, and beat well after each addition. Stir in vanilla and milk. Beat egg whites until stiff; gradually beat in remaining sugar, and continue whipping until whites stand in peaks. Fold egg whites into chocolate mixture, and turn into unbaked pie shell. Bake in a very hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderately low (325° F.) and continue baking for 30 minutes.

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Juvenile Juror

(*Continued from page 25*)

Jury, Mr. Dan Ehrenreich. It was his regular time for interviewing children, so there were seven or eight other boys and girls there, besides me. He talked to us and asked us what our problems were and pretty soon we were all discussing them, just as if we'd been on the air. Mr. Ehrenreich was awfully nice, and said he thought mine was a very interesting question, and he'd call me if he wanted me to go on the program with it.

That was last November, and for about three weeks we didn't hear from him at all. I decided he didn't think the problem was interesting enough. But all of a sudden, one day, he called up and asked if I could go on the next Sunday's program, not as one of the Jury, but as a guest, to present my problem. Mother asked me if I wanted to, and of course I said I did, so she told Mr. Ehrenreich I'd be there.

AT first I guess I was a little bit nervous. The program is broadcast from a theater on Fifty-second Street in Manhattan, and as soon as Mother and Dad and I got there, an hour or so before air-time, Mr. Ehrenreich took me downstairs to a room where the Jury children were waiting to meet me. I found out later that although the children's parents bring them to the playhouse, Mr. Ehrenreich always asks them to wait somewhere else and let all the children and him be alone together for that hour just before the broadcast. Mother says it's because parents are always more nervous than the children, and so it's better for them not to be around just then, and I expect she's probably right.

Anyway, I felt a little strange, not knowing anyone, but Mr. Ehrenreich introduced us all, and we sat around and talked, and he played the piano and we sang together, and in no time at all it was as if I'd known the others all my life. I wasn't scared a bit when we finally went up onto the stage and the broadcast started.

Pretty soon it was my turn, and Mr. Barry introduced me to the studio audience and asked me to present my problem to the Jury. You've probably been wondering just what my problem *was*. Well, it was this: My sister Joan is fifteen years old, and every once in a while she has some of her high-school friends come to the house in the evening. Whenever this happens I like to stay downstairs and talk to her guests, because it is kind of like a party and I enjoy parties. But Joan always says I am too young, and ought to go up to my own room and not bother her and her friends. So that was my problem, and I asked the Juvenile Jury what they thought about it—was Joan right, or was I?

One boy—I think it was Dickie, but I can't quite remember—said I should tell my mother and father to get me a baby brother or sister to play with, and then I'd have company and wouldn't be interested in bothering Joan. We all laughed at that idea, because we knew he was just joking. The rest of them talked it over, and they finally decided that while I had a right to meet Joan's friends, she had a right to entertain them herself, in private, and so I should stay downstairs for five minutes or so after they all came into the house, and say hello to them, then go on up to my own room, and not

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bother them any more. As one of the Jurors said, I probably wouldn't like it if Joan came and tried to horn in when I was playing with friends of my own age.

And that's how we've finally decided to arrange things at home, whenever Joan has company. Except that if Joan should serve ice cream and cake, or anything else that I particularly like, she always saves some of it for me to have the next day.

I thought that would be the end of my broadcasting career, but I guess Mr. Ehrenreich liked me, or needed another Juror, or something—anyway, the middle of the following week he called and asked me to go on the Jury the next Sunday. Since then, I've been on both the radio and television broadcasts pretty regularly—not every week, though, because Mr. Ehrenreich shifts the Jurors around to get variety.

It's a lot of fun, particularly the television shows. We always have an hour of playing and talking ahead of time, and I've made friends of other jurors, like Patsy Walker and Glenn Mark Arthur, Dickie Orlan, and all the others, boys and girls I wouldn't even have known if I hadn't gone on the air. Sometimes celebrities come to the studio, like Mr. Lauritz Melchior, the opera singer, who was there one afternoon and talked to us. He was awfully nice, just grand, and later on he sent me a picture of himself, autographed "To Peggy Bruder from her friend Lauritz Melchior."

We see other celebrities on Thursday nights, because our television studio at NBC is right next to the studio where the Music Hall is broadcast, and while we are waiting for our own show to go on the Music Hall people are coming in for their final rehearsal. We hang around in the hall and catch them, and get their autographs. I have Lucille Ball's and Edward Arnold's and Brian Donlevy's and quite a few others.

PEOPLE, friends of Mother's, ask her, "Aren't you afraid Peggy will get a swelled head and turn into a little showoff, now that she's on the radio?" But really, I think it has been the other way around, because I know that there's a danger I might get like that so I try extra hard not to. Besides, my own friends at school in Brooklyn aren't much impressed because I'm on the air. They're glad, and like to listen to me or watch me if they have television sets, but they don't think it makes me anybody special.

Except one little boy, who lives on the next block. We've known each other for a long time, but he never paid much attention to me until one night when he happened to see the television Juvenile Jury show, and even then he didn't recognize me on the screen until his mother said, "That's Peggy Bruder, she's one of our neighbors." So the next day before school he came to the house and asked if he couldn't carry my books. He says he's in love with me, but of course I don't think he really is—I think it's just puppy-love. Anyway, he is quite a bit younger than I am. He's not quite ten yet and I was ten last April.

At school I have just about the same friends I had before I began going on the air, only now I have more of them. I mean that ours is a pretty big school, and now I've gotten to know quite a few older boys and girls that I probably wouldn't have met if they hadn't heard me on the air and stopped me on the playground to say they'd enjoyed the

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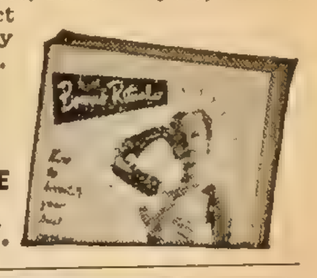

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show and ask me how it feels to broadcast.

One thing I think being on the program has done for me is that I've begun looking at both sides of a question and figuring things out for myself. When I first became a Juror I was afraid I mightn't know what to say about the problems that we were asked about, but Mother said, "Peggy, just think how you would solve those problems if they came up in your own home, and you'll always find an answer." She was right, and that's what I do. But it works the other way, too. If something happens at home—if there's a movie I want to see, and the only time I can go is a school night, or I want a piece of candy when I know I'm not supposed to have one—why, then I think, "What would I say if this was a problem on the broadcast?"

AND usually I know that I'd say it was pretty silly to be in a movie when I had homework to do. Or that candy tastes good but too much of it puts holes in your teeth, and that when I'm eighteen I'll wish I'd let the candy go and kept my teeth clean.

I have rather a bad temper, and I used to get furious about things even when I knew I was in the wrong. I still get furious sometimes, but I try not to except when I know I'm right, and being on the program, learning to look at both sides of a question, helps me to make sure whether I am really right or not.

Another thing the program has done for me is teach me to say whatever I have to say in a few words, without waving my hands and saying, "Well, ah—" at the start of every sentence. Mr. Ehrenreich and Mr. Barry are always telling us to be brief, because the program is only half an hour long and people don't want to sit and listen to a lot of words strung together.

Of course we all like to make the audience laugh, when we can, so I guess we learn to think fast. I remember once a boy sent in a problem, asking how he could get his homework done when his sister was always sitting at her desk next to him pounding on her typewriter. She was writing her autobiography, and the noise of the typewriter bothered him so he couldn't study. I said he ought to persuade her to use a pen, by telling her that the greatest writers always wrote things out by hand instead of on a typewriter. But Mr. Barry said, "How about Walter Winchell, Peggy? He uses a typewriter?"

"I know he does," I said, "but *Shakespeare* used a pen."

Walter Winchell heard about it, and put me in his column, which thrilled me very much.

I didn't know that I would be paid for being on the Jury when I first started. It was a very pleasant surprise when I found out that for each broadcast I was to get ten dollars in U. S. Savings stamps. So on weeks when I am on both the radio and the television program I earn twenty dollars. Mother puts the stamps into folders, and whenever there is enough of them she buys a bond. I will use the money for my education, although right now I don't know exactly what kind of education it will be, whether I will go to college or dramatic school or study music or ballet.

Right now, I am taking dramatic, singing and ballet lessons, and I like them all very much. I was studying piano until a few months ago, but then

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I was so busy I just had to drop something, and I decided piano was what I liked least of all. Mother and Dad say that as long as they can afford to give me the lessons, and as long as I enjoy them, I can go on having them, but they don't expect me to grow up to be a professional actress, singer, or dancer —not necessarily, that is. So when I grow up I may decide just to go to college.

I like school, and always get good report cards. Mother saves them all —she's a great saver of things. But then, I like just about everything I do—riding my bicycle and playing with my dolls and going with my sister Joan to camp in the summer. I used to enjoy trying on all of Mother's and Joan's hats and dressing up in their clothes, but I've stopped doing that. Oh, and I love going to movies and stage plays, particularly stage plays because then you see real people. I think one stage play is equal to about four movies—even good movies.

But more than the money I earn, and more than the fun it is to broadcast, I think that the best thing about being on Juvenile Jury is the way it has taught me how lucky I am, really. You see, my father and mother aren't rich, but they aren't poor either, and they are able to give Joan and me things like dancing lessons and summer camps. We wear nice clothes, and we live in a nice house, with a room for each of us. I might take these things for granted if I didn't hear about so many other children, on the program, whose parents aren't able to give them those things or maybe don't believe in it.

I remember once a problem came in about how much pocket-money allowance a boy ought to have. He thought he ought to have more, and his father wouldn't give it to him. Well, that kind of a problem just never comes up in our house. If I need something I ask for it, and if it is something I ought to have Mother and Dad give it to me. Or if I am too young for it or shouldn't have it for any other reason, we talk it over and they explain *why* I shouldn't have it. They don't just say *No,* or get angry at me for wanting it in the first place. It's a big help.

SO I think I am very fortunate in having that kind of parents, who are both understanding and able to buy the things I really need. I know, from the problems we hear on the Jury, that many parents are poor. But worse than being poor is when the parents have forgotten what it's like to be a boy or a girl, because then they can't have good times with their children, the way Mother and Dad and Joan and I have good times together.

I've written down all the things I like about being on the air, but there's one thing I'm sorry for. My biggest disappointment is that I can't ever hear myself on the radio or see myself in television. Mother says maybe someday she'll have a record made of a broadcast, so perhaps I'll get to hear myself. But I don't know any way of seeing myself, and I'd really like to. They say that television isn't very flattering, and I don't see how it could be, with those strong lights, even though we do wear pancake make-up. It seems so queer that on Thursday nights everyone that has a television receiver and lives near New York can see what I look like—but I'll never be able to see myself!

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